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# MAN'S LIFE IN THIS AND OTHER WORLDS

BY

ANNIE BESANT

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BY
ANNIE BESANT 1847-1933

*Author of "Man: Whence, How and Whither," "The Ancient Wisdom," "A Study in Karma," "The Masters," etc.*

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# Man's Life in the Physical World and What Death Means

THERE are many people who cannot pass through life happily and contentedly unless they possess some definite knowledge, knowledge which is precise, knowledge which enables them to understand themselves as well as the world around them. They cannot remain satisfied to be living in an unintelligible world, to be constantly seeing the passage of events which appear to them to be without reason, without explanation. They cannot be content to see the great differences of happiness between human beings without asking: "Why are some men born to such misery? why are others born to happy and prosperous lives?" Constantly these questions arise; they torment the minds and the hearts of the thoughtful; and I want, if I can, to-day and on the two succeeding Sundays, to put before you a theory of life, a theory of man, which perhaps may make your own nature and the world which surrounds you more intelligible, thereby making yourself more useful. That is the

aim of three lectures on a big subject. I do not want to convince you that I am right in what I put to you; all that I want to do is to stimulate *you* to think: not to ask you to accept a theory ready-made which I put before you, but only to ask you to consider the data that I submit; thus to form your own judgment, thus to use your own intelligence, and thus to come to a *conclusion* which shall satisfy you because *you* have made it, which shall prove to you a guide in life because *you* have come to the conclusion by your own thought.

Now, first, as regards the value of definite knowledge. To use this knowledge is to be able to steer the ship of your life, instead of drifting—as so many of us do. It is to be able to see your goal, to choose your path. It is gradually to acquire such a mastery alike over body and over mind that you will be a self-conscious being not only in the physical world, but also in the worlds connected with it, those into which you will pass when death strikes away the body. In three worlds you all are living. In one consciously, in the other two, as modern psychology would say, subconsciously. One you know—the physical world around you; in that you act, in that your emotions play, in that your thoughts are ever busy. I shall want to show you that there is a sphere, or world, corresponding to your emotions, from which those emotions assert themselves in your physical life; that there is a world, a sphere, of thought from which

come impulses which show themselves in the physical brain. Subconsciously to-day you live in the world of the emotions, in the world of the intellect. As you develop by ordinary evolution, the subconscious will become conscious; that which now you dimly sense will become clear, definite, precise. That is not a mere theory; for there are some amongst us who have deliberately quickened their evolution and have turned their subconscious into conscious knowledge.

It is along those lines that I want to lead you: dealing, to-day, with the physical world most familiar to you, showing you how the worlds of emotion and of thought manifest themselves through the physical body in the physical world; showing you next Sunday, how, in sleep, putting aside the physical body, you live consciously in the world of the emotions, the first world into which you pass on the other side of death. And then on the third Sunday, showing you how the thought world is really the heavenly world into which later you pass after death, when the intermediate world lies behind you. That is the rough sketch of the path along which I hope to lead you; laying the facts before you and, as I said, leaving you to judge their value. As that is done, I shall hope to show you that modern science, modern psychology, is beginning to recognise the irruption of these other two worlds into the physical, is beginning to try to understand this surging

up from the realm it calls the subconscious. It realises the force, it recognises the enormous power, with which from time to time these waves sweep away everything that we know as reason, as ordinary emotion. If you will study modern psychology you will realise how much evidence there is for some of the more obscure facts that I shall need to put before you on the succeeding Sundays, and then I think I shall persuade you to study the subject, one of the most entrancing to which the human intelligence can address itself and in that way to gain a strength, a power, an endurance, a force, which nothing else can give. For the man who has learned to live in the three worlds consciously and fully, who can judge the relative proportions of the seen and the unseen, who can weigh in the balance of his knowledge the things that are weighty and the things that are indifferent because light and valueless—he can discriminate between the real and the unreal. And he can, when the portal of death opens before him—that portal which, to most of us, I fear, opens on the unknown and therefore the dreaded—he can walk straight through the portal with head erect, with fearless heart, with unflinching courage, for he is leaving behind him only the grossest part of him, the physical body; and he goes on with his emotions as they were, his thoughts as they were—the man as he knows himself—into those regions that to him are not unknown but familiar, are not a dreaded but a hoped-for land.

That is the rough outline that I am going to try to fill up. And now at the beginning I must put one thing to you that may seem to you for a moment more difficult to grasp than all the rest that I shall have to say. Think for a moment—whether you be a Christian or a Hiṇdū in faith it matters not—think for a moment of all that your religion has taught you of the nature of God. I ask you to recall it, because man is made in the image of the Divine, as said in a splendid verse in the Apocryphal Scriptures of the Hebrews: "God made man to be the image of His own Eternity." Man in his consciousness reflects God Himself, and because you have been taught some amount of theology, it may for a moment make it easier for you to follow what I want to put to you, if you think of what your religion has taught you of the triple nature of the Divine Being, and realise what that means when reflected in man as Spirit. Those who are philosophic in their thinking will think of God as triple in His consciousness. My Hiṇdū brethren will be very familiar with the term Satchiḍānanḍa, describing the triple aspect of the one supreme God—existence, knowledge, bliss; that is familiar. Some of those who come from western lands will remember the splendid passage in Dante, where he speaks of "One in whom power and act are one." More simple perhaps, because more popular, will it be to recall to your mind what is called the doctrine of the Trinity in Christianity, the Ṭrimūrṭi—the Three-

formed—in Hinḍūism. You will at once realise, in looking at it, that you have the three aspects anthropomorphised—put into the form of man.

You have the great aspect of Being, that shows itself as Creative Activity, that gives life to all other beings, the one source of life, of existence, He who among the Hinḍūs is known as the Third Person in their Trinity, Brahmā, floating on the waters of matter; among the Christians, the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God, who is said to "move on the face of the waters," under whose brooding Being the whole universe comes into existence.

Then think again of the Second Person in both, —to the Hinḍū Viṣhṇu, the source of all Wisdom and of the sustaining power of Love by which the universe is maintained; to the Christian, that mighty Second Person who is the Son of the eternal Father, to whom they give the name of the Christ in whom they believe.

Then the Supreme, the Father of the Christians, the one who represents Ānanḍa, Mahāḍeva, whose attribute is Power; for only where power is perfect may blissful peace be secured. Peace is ruffled when we fear; but to the Omnipotent no fear is possible, and therefore that eternal peace may never be ruffled by aught that is outside; for naught exists that is not within Himself.

So have we been taught as regards so much of the nature of God as our poor minds can grasp; a

three-faced Unit; mighty Power, and Wisdom-Love, and Creative Activity.

It is in that image and in that likeness that your human Spirit is shaped. The Power of the Supreme in you becomes will; the Wisdom-Love of the Supreme in you becomes wisdom and compassion; the Creative Activity of the Supreme becomes in you the intellect by which you give form to matter—the intellect which, when it appears in the supreme form of Genius, enables the painter, out of canvas and paint, to make the splendid picture that lives through the centuries; which enables the musician to gather together the scattered notes and to weave the perfect harmony that shall live as long as man shall love great music; which enables the sculptor to take chisel and mallet in hand and hew out of the block of marble the beauteous image which his thought has hidden within it, and which all men can see when the superincumbent marble is cut away, and the idea of the genius has manifested itself as form. So great is man, so mighty are his possibilities; for man's Spirit is a fragment of the Divine. Need I remind the Hinḍū how he is taught to say: "Thou art Brahman," and the Christian: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you"? So mighty is the possibility of the seed of the Divine growing into gradual perfection, until at last all men shall be perfect, "even as your Father in heaven is perfect". Such then is the

Spirit with three aspects: Will, Wisdom, Intellect. That is one of the points I will ask you to bear in mind throughout; for I shall not be able to come back and repeat—the work is too large.

Many of you will be familiar with the triple division of man into body, soul and Spirit. This is very convenient, for the reason that the divine Spirit broods over man, and that part of his consciousness which is embodied is sometimes spoken of as soul—a convenient phrase when understood; that triple division made by S. Paul is one that you may well bear in mind throughout. The Spirit is "unborn, undying, perpetual, ancient and eternal". He rather broods over the body than actually dwells within it, and that portion of him that is consciousness and life in the body is conveniently denominated soul; hence I shall use that word. So that we have the Spirit, the Divine in man, overshadowing him as it were, and ever striving to draw the lower upwards; the Soul, which is the Spirit embodied, and because embodied often blinded, foolish, helpless; and the Body, the material covering (no matter what the kind may be), matter which the soul puts on as a garment in order to come into touch with the world in which he is to evolve; for, as a seed is sown in the soil, and without the soil may not grow, so the divine seed is sown in the soil of human experience in order that it may unfold its hidden powers.

Now, this triple Spirit, acting as soul in the body, works along three lines. It works as mind. You are familiar with the power of thought which makes you man, and it uses what you may call, as Professor Clifford calls it, 'mind-stuff'—a convenient phrase. Mind is the power of the Spirit working in mind-stuff. We generally call it 'mental matter,' and I use the rather ugly German word because it was used by so great a scientist as William Kingdon Clifford. Next it works in emotional matter, and thirdly in physical. Emotional matter is that which your emotions set vibrating. Nothing, no force, can work without a medium in which to work. All science tells you that. No force without matter, no matter without force, to use a well recognised maxim. Hence these three powers of man need a material medium in which to work. For intellect, Soul demands a form of matter which we call mental; for the expression of feeling, for pleasure and for pain, he demands another type of matter, the emotional. We call it emotional—sometimes astral—because the emotions use it as their means of expression. Lastly, he needs also physical matter, whereby to act in the physical world in which he is living; for you cannot by thought normally cause action, movement of matter in the physical world. I do not say it is impossible, but I say that the ordinary man cannot do it. In order to move ordinary matter by his will, he needs a physical body; so the physical body becomes the instrument of the will to bring about

action, as in emotional matter the emotions work, and in mental matter, the mind. Now, the whole of this body of yours—made of mental matter, emotional matter and physical matter—is only an instrument, a piece of apparatus, if you like to call it so. It is not the man himself, who is the triple Spirit, the image of the Divine of which I have spoken.

When you come to deal with your physical body, think of it, if you will for a moment, as consisting of two parts, like those which you may see if you go, say, into a printing-press any day. You will find a printing-press there, but of itself it is motionless. "How is it set to work?" you ask. "Oh, I have a motor, I have a dynamo, I apply power to the machine, and then the machine works." Now your physical body has those two things in it—that which is like the motor, Vitality, working in ether, and the mere machine, which is the apparatus, the dense body, that you can see, that you can touch, that by the senses you can cognise. If you think of the division in that mechanical way, I think it will remain clear to you. You practically consist down here of an apparatus or machine, very beautifully made, exquisite in its adaptations, and of the motor that drives it. Vitality is the motor; the whole dense body is the machine.

Now that machine answers to the triple soul of man in different parts that are familiar to all of you. You have a brain and a nervous system—that is the part of the instrument that belongs to thought—and your

thought works on that brain and nervous system —the cerebro-spinal system; that is your instrument for thinking. Then there is another part, which is called the ganglionic, connected with another nervous system, the sympathetic; that is your instrument for the emotions. Then the muscles. The muscles are the instruments for action, moved by the will through the nerves. That is all you really want to know about your physical body, for the full understanding of what I am putting to you. Your brain and spinal nerves act as the instrument of the mind; the ganglia and the sympathetic nervous system, as the instrument of the emotions; the muscles, as the instruments of the will. And the fundamental difference of what we call sex turns on the predominance of one or other of the two first. In the average normal man the brain and the spinal nerves dominate the whole. Those are the strongest things in him. That is his characteristic as man. In woman the ganglia and the sympathetic nervous system dominate the whole. There is the fundamental difference that no laws can possibly affect or change, and the work of the sexes in the body politic must ever rest on this great natural and ineradicable difference between the two—the difference between the functions of the father and the mother, to suit which the bodies are built. In the one the dominance of the brain; in the other of the emotions and of all that nourishes. And it is well to realise that; it is often a great help in judging many of the current

questions, so that you may utilise both sexes to the full, and the country may not be deprived of the services of either, working along the channel in which service may best be rendered.

And so in looking thus at the human being we find these three things marked. I used the word 'subconscious'. You are conscious of the working of the mind and the nervous system; that is part of your waking intelligence. You are not conscious, except in the sense of subconsciousness, of the working of the mind in mental matter, in which it is at work all the time, and only now and then you become conscious of it as genius, to which I will allude in a moment—so also of the emotions. You know that your emotions affect your bodies, sometimes in a very startling way. You have a great shock of grief—the heart stops. The heart is a muscle, not a gland, but it stops because of a nerve of the sympathetic system connected with it, which goes to the heart and stimulates or retards its action; there are two nerves, one which makes it move, the other which regulates its activity. Suppose it stops—what happens? One of these nerves has been stimulated by the emotion of grief, so stimulated that it grips the muscle of the heart, and the heart cannot for a moment move.

Fear sometimes stops the heart, sometimes causes palpitation of the heart. That depends entirely upon which of the sympathetic nerves is affected. If it be the one which regulates the heart's beating,

then the sudden inrush may make the heart tumultuous and the other nerve is inhibited, checked in its action. But always the emotions work through the sympathetic system either on the heart or on the whole digestive system, always by the sympathetic nerves on the ganglia or muscles of the body. Tears, what are they but the simple action of a gland in the eye stimulated to over-activity by a nerve affected by an emotion ? And I only ask you to note these points in order that you may realise that the mind is working on the body in a definite way all the time ; that the emotions are working on the body in a definite way all the time ; and that the muscles, directed by the will, are the parts of the body which you call upon when you want to move a piece of matter from one place to another. The will must call on the muscle ; then action takes place.

Now that subconscious action I spoke of, mental and emotional, may be brought within the conscious life ; that is the point that I shall want to deal with when I come to speak to you of man's life in the second world, the astral, not the physical. For the moment let us be satisfied to leave it that we have here an instrument played upon by the will, by the intelligence and by the emotions, and that we are familiar with the parts of the body which answer to each of these impacts.

Now for a moment take Genius. Genius is the normal working of the mind in its own world, suddenly

acting on the brain which is in a state called 'unstable equilibrium'. You know exactly what that means. You may have a body so fixed that, though you push it, it does not move; even if it goes a little to one side, it recovers at once. Or you may have a body which when you push it begins to swing, moves over and over again, may be entirely upset, or only gradually perhaps comes to rest.

Now it is that condition of the brain, in unstable equilibrium, which gives the opportunity for the manifestation of the mind that we know as Genius. That is why Shakespeare said: "Great wits to madness near allied." That is why Lombroso, the great Italian scientist, said that all geniuses, whether literary or artistic or religious, were really mad. There is a truth underlying it—a half-truth rather than a whole. The half-truth is that the brain of the genius is always unstable, because it is on the road to the highest evolution. It is the high-water mark of human progress which is reached by the man whom we call a genius. His brain is growing, his brain is rapidly evolving more and more. The cells in it are sending out in every direction new roots, new protrusions. Where there is life and activity there is always instability. You can respond to every-day thoughts with brains that are very little unstable. The commonplaces of life do not demand any high mental ability; but when you begin to think on a subject difficult and obscure, when you begin to

strain your brain to grasp something beyond your ordinary mental power, then there comes a strain which shows that you are putting upon that brain an unaccustomed force, and then care is needed lest by pushing too rapidly onwards you should break down the equilibrium, so that it cannot be restored. And here is the fact which shows the half-truth of Lombroso. There are two kinds of instability: there is the instability of growth; there is the instability of disease, of degeneration: the one is genius, the other madness. One has in it the promise of the future; the other is breaking down and going back into inorganic matter. The madman's brain is unstable, it is true; but it is unstable by lesion, by injury, by decay. The brain of the genius is unstable, because it is evolving so rapidly that every day some new power is being added to the brain, some new force is being sent down by the soul. And so with great religious teachers—men of religious genius. They also have these brains, delicate, fragile, unstable in the sense of progress and not of disease. On them beat waves from higher worlds; on them pours down the stream of superphysical knowledge; inspiration grips them, and they do in inspiration what in their normal state they cannot do. Words pour through them that they could not normally speak; thoughts flood them that otherwise they could not reach. Every religion admits the existence of such men. They are the revealers of the unseen. They are the inspired

men of every faith. Lombroso said that those men, too, are mad. Oh! if genius and if religious inspiration be madness, then may God give us more madmen in our humanity! We would give a million ordinary brains for one brain through which the higher can come down and reveal itself to us who are blind.

How is it possible to avoid that difficulty on which the finger of the keen scientist was laid? India has given us a method which enables man to reach sensitiveness and receptivity of brain, without running the danger of hysteria, which is the first sign of mental disease. It is what is known as YOGA. With its mental aspect for the moment I hardly need to deal; I am thinking more of its physical training. The theory of yoga is that man is a Spirit in a body. Normally that Spirit does not much affect the body; but if you will make your body receptive, then the Spirit will be able to use it as an instrument of music, and play upon it the perfect melodies which belong to heaven rather than to earth. So wise men devised the system which they called yoga—union, union with the Divine. "You must train your body," they said. The normal human body is not ready to receive the waves and billows of the higher life, which would shiver it to pieces. Before you challenge that great inflow, prepare your body to receive it. So a system is laid down, of food, of sleep, of physical purification, which, without sacrificing health, makes

the body far more sensitive, far more receptive, than that of the ordinary man. Then meditation is prescribed, which means the concentration of thought, the fixing it on a single object of thought, and the brain is taught to submit itself to this discipline. You find the same thing among the Roman Catholics, more largely among those who have retired from the world, though to some degree also among the laity, where people are taught to train their minds to obedience and their brains to receptivity. The rules are hard, and that is why many do not care to take it up. You must not eat meat, which coarsens the body; you want it to be fine, delicate, and responsive. You must not touch alcohol—any form of alcohol—because it poisons parts of the brain. Some parts of the brain are poisoned by the fumes of the alcohol—parts which you use in meditation. That is absolutely forbidden. So all the life is regulated. Sleep is regulated, neither too much nor too little. Too much will make the body sluggish; too little leads to nervous overstrain. Yoga is a system of exquisite balance, neither too much nor too little of anything. It is absolutely scientific, and bound to succeed because it is built on the laws of nature. But it needs years of strenuous application before the work is done. Then, when that work is over, when the brain has become sensitive and the body purified, you may safely throw open the doors to the Spirit, and welcome him to the temple that you have purified for his service. Then comes

the conscious life in all the worlds, then the higher senses, that may be opened as readily as the senses of the body. The physical body is our most perfect instrument now, because the first and most evolved. The others are in the course of evolution, and their evolution is quickened by yoga.

In this physical body of ours we have an instrument which may be developed to the highest needs. Only the conditions are rigid, and, like all other laws of nature, are inviolable. If you make the conditions, nature gives you what her laws bring. If you do not, never will those forces come to you, for law is changeless; it is the expression of the divine nature. For a moment pause on that.

What is death? If I may go back to the simile I used in the beginning, it is the breaking away of the motor from the machine, nothing more; the motor— the finer parts of your body, formed of the physical ethers in which all the forces of vitality play, by which the dense part moves, feels, thinks, lives—leaves behind the dense body, the corpse as we call it; death is nothing more than that. It does not touch you, in your really human nature; and it only takes away from you the physical body in which you have been living, and which you have left every night in sleep, so that the leaving is no new and strange thing. It is a coat that you use, and death is nothing more than is the putting off your overcoat, in which you wandered through the street, when you come inside

your house and no longer need its protection. It is nothing more than that—the putting off of a garment because it is no longer wanted, because it is no longer useful for the high purposes of the Spirit, who is man; and yet you fear death!

But that outer garment of yours, that body, has one great advantage if you will only learn to use it. It is automatic—you know the word, that which acts of itself—and you can make your body do exactly what you will; by a little practice you utilise the automatism of the body to gain the ends that you desire. You find your body resists doing something physical you want to do. You practise that act. Practice makes a habit, and when the habit is perfect the body performs the action automatically. Those of you who play on the piano or on the vīṇā, know that when you were learning you had to think of every motion, you had to watch what you were doing; thought had to make the fingers perform the motion necessary for the violin string, the vīṇā string, the note on the piano. But if you have learned, you do not need your fingers to be consciously under the control of the mind; they go "by themselves". You never think of the fingers at all, they are your trained servants to act as you have taught them; and the automatism of the body enables you to leave them to do the work that you have taught them to do.

There is not one bad habit that you cannot change by a continued exercise of will. Do you find an evil

thought comes into the brain, and you do not want it there? Then turn it out at once and replace it by a good one, and presently the automatism of the brain will help you and will act for you. You have a habit of irritability, you speak hastily, your tongue runs away from you? Impose silence on the tongue. Never speak until after you have thought. It will be wearisome for a few weeks, and then it will become automatic, and the habit of thought will control the tongue and never allow a word to be spoken which the mind does not demand. Oh! it is so easy if you only knew. The first step is difficult, as all first steps are, but nature has so built your bodies that they become obedient to your will if only you impose a habit upon them which makes them obedient.

And on that point for to-day I must stop. I spoke of Spirit, soul and body. Let me, if I can, show you a picture of yourself; the Spirit above you, the soul, the waking consciousness, in the middle, as it were, and the body below. The soul in the centre may aspire upward to the Spirit, or it may be dragged downward to the body. It is in the soul that the battle of man lies—ever seeking to rise upward to the Spirit whose child he is, ever dragged down by the cravings and appetites of the body which he came into the world to master. Upward he aspires, downward he is dragged—and *there* is the struggle which every human being knows. Everything depends for you upon following the

aspiration, resisting the appetite, rising upward to the God within yourself, conquering the body, which is your servant really, though you allow it to be your master. Oh! if you had a splendid horse which would not at first obey the rein, high-spirited, strong-willed, you would not ill-use it, you would not break its spirit, but you would gently, carefully, train it, curb it, teach it, until it carried you wherever you wished to go. Such an animal is your body. Do not ill-use it; do not treat it brutally; train it, curb it, restrain it, make it obedient to your own command, obedient to the will of the Spirit; and then as you live and grow older, the Spirit shall become the ruler of the body, the body shall be redeemed by spiritual power, and rendered a noble instrument of the Spirit who is its lord.

And so when struggle comes to you, when the higher appeals to you, when the lower allures you, remember that on your choice your future depends. Every time that you yield to the lower allurement it becomes stronger; in the years to come every yielding is an added chain, an added weight, hindering your ascent. Listen to the voice of the Spirit who calls to you: "You are mine, and not the body's; I sent you to redeem, not to be enslaved." If so you choose, life shall grow easier, gladder, stronger, with every month that passes, every year that lies behind. You are Divine. You are Gods in the making, not devils who have to be overcome. And if you will yield

to the higher, the Divine will more and more declare itself manifest, and you will know the peace, the joy, which belong to the man who has realised himself, and has made his body his servant and his instrument.

# Man's Life in the Astral World and After Death

To-day, friends, we have to deal with the second part of our subject. Those of you who are at all familiar with the writings of the Middle Ages will know a word which is very often heard in modern days, the word 'aura'. You come across it amongst the alchemists, you meet it occasionally in the treatises on medicine; Paracelsus, for instance, uses this word when he is explaining the constitution, the nature, of man. It was taken up by modern Theosophy because it expresses better than any other word that invisible part of the body of man which has to do with his emotions. In the Middle Ages, naturally, it was used often to cover ideas which openly the writers did not dare to propound; and if, when your taste leads you to read these ancient books, you are inclined to grumble sometimes at what you may call their obscurity, I will ask you to remember that they worked under the limitations of the dungeon and the stake, and

that they were obliged to veil under the language of symbolism truths that it was too dangerous to speak aloud.

Now only a year or eighteen months ago this word aura was introduced into respectable scientific society by a London physician named Dr. Kilner. For the first time, as far as I know, in the history of the study of the human constitution, a scientist was able to show to the physical eye of man some part of that normally invisible matter which goes to the making up of the aura. By an arrangement of screens carefully put in the directions where light could be cut off or let in according as it was wanted; by using two plates of glass set near together with liquid between the plates, thus making a glass screen with a clear liquid within it; and by looking at an ordinary human being through the glass screen under special conditions of light and darkness, Dr. Kilner succeeded in showing to the untrained and unaccustomed physical eye the coarsest part of that portion of the body that is called the aura.

Normally speaking it is invisible, this coloured atmosphere which surrounds what we can see of the dense body of man. Everyone of you has round you a sphere, that you might call a cloud, of this finer matter, varying in colour according to your emotions and your thoughts, and changing under the eye of the observer—the observer who has developed a keener vision than the normal, and so is able to see without

Dr. Kilner's mechanical arrangement this cloud which surrounds the human being, the animal, the plant, and the stone. Now it is made up, part of it, of what is called astral matter; or if you like a name which signifies a function, emotional matter; for this matter is set vibrating by the changes in consciousness that we call emotions. Wherever an emotion sweeps through your consciousness, the astral matter within your physical body and outside it is thrown into waves exactly in the same manner as if you take a gong and strike it with a mallet; a scientist will tell you there goes out from the gong a great sphere of vibrations of the air; these reach your ears as sound; they are invisible between you and the gong, but none the less are they there, and shown to be there by the effect which they produce when they strike upon the mechanism of the body adapted to receive them and to reproduce them. Just in a similar way, when some exciting cause moves you to emotion, there is as it were an impact on this astral matter; it is thrown into waves and it goes out from you as a great sphere of vibrating matter, subject to all the ordinary laws of such travelling spheres of waves of vibrations, diminishing with distance so far as strength is concerned, and gradually exhausting themselves, as they travel far away from their source.

Use then your imagination for the moment, and think of this fine invisible matter vibrating under emotion, as the air vibrates when a sound is generated by a

gong, by a violin string, by a piano, by what you will. Here you have a kind of matter which answers not to sound, not to light, not to any stream, if I may use the phrase, of electricity or galvanism, but to a stream of emotion. That is its characteristic, impressed upon it by the Divine Architect, thus bringing emotion into relation with a particular kind of matter, as another form of matter answers to sound, a third form to light, other forms to electricity, the matter being always the medium by which the energy or force is transmitted through space.

Now it cannot be strange to you that there should be a special kind of matter which answers to emotion and to nothing else; you are accustomed to such limitations in your study of physics. A ray of light does not throw the air into vibrations which reach your ear as sound, nor are the waves that in your ear are sound produced by the waves of ether that you call light. You may remember that Sir William Crookes once made a table, a table of groups of vibrations—in which he marked off, in a series of grades, groups of vibrations, showing as electricity, as sound, as light, as other forms again of electrical action, and finally he remarked that probably those vibrations which as yet we have not discovered, those waves of which we are yet unconscious, may be found later to answer to other manifestations of force, or of vitality showing itself, perhaps, in one set, as thought. With thought I shall deal next week; I am only

concerned now with that particular form of consciousness that we call emotion.

I only ask you to remember one other thing about the relation between the mode of consciousness we call emotion and the matter which vibrates under its influence. These things are in pairs : an emotion is correlated with a vibration, and a vibration is also correlated with an emotion. If astral matter vibrates, then in you an emotion will arise in consciousness correlated to the particular vibration which has struck you, which has made its impact on the astral matter in your body. That has been shown in a very interesting way. I can only just indicate where you can study it, in some French books on experiments in hypnotism, on the hypnotic trance. It was there shown that while you might arouse an emotion and so cause a corresponding gesture—this was physical, mind—so by causing a hypnotised patient to make the gesture, the corresponding emotion was aroused in the patient's mind. Thus, if you took the patient's hand, clenched it and shook it as if angry, then the patient became angry ; or if you started the anger, the patient would show the outward signs.

You may like to verify some of the statements I am making, if the points be new to you, so I shall try to indicate the books in which you may find much of scientific investigation connected with our subject of to-day. Take it then, if you will for the moment as a matter of hypothesis, that where there is an emotion

there is a vibration of astral matter; where there is a vibration of astral matter, the corresponding emotion is generated, if the vibration comes up against a human being.

The next point in our argument is that some of this astral matter interpenetrates the denser matter of our physical body, and so comes to form part of our physical body itself. You remember I defined the word body as meaning a vehicle of consciousness merely—a material vehicle; we have, to begin with, solids, liquids, gases and ethers; then, in every one of our bodies, interpenetrating the whole of those four, is this astral matter. As you might put a sponge into water, and the water would penetrate the sponge, leaving much water outside, so does this astral matter penetrate the whole of the body while the great mass of astral matter remains outside. Now, this interpenetrating matter is very often called the 'astral body'; I am calling it for the moment—in order to be a little less complicated—the astral *part* of our body; for you remember I divided man only into three: Spirit, soul, and body. Now that emotional matter in the body, interpenetrating every part, stretches a little way beyond the dense visible body, and forms therefore part of the aura, the invisible cloud surrounding the dense human body. If separated from the physical body, it then takes its shape; separated from the dense heavy body, the astral part takes on the form of that with which it is normally associated.

But, except when it is so separated, it is a mere cloud, interpenetrating the physical body everywhere, and flowing into the form that that body already has fixed. Think then of this particular part of your body, this emotional matter penetrating every portion of it and stretching a little outside, surrounded by a great ocean of astral matter, which at any moment may be thrown into vibration, if that within our body vibrate. Now there is one great difference between this part of your body and the part with which you are more familiar. The physical part of the body is the most evolved of all —the first to evolve and the one which has the longest evolution behind it. The astral part is less evolved; but the more educated you are, the more you have cultivated art, the more your æsthetic emotions are developed, the more refined you are in your ordinary thought and life, so much the more developed will this astral part of you become. It is in course of evolution, evolving rapidly with the rapid growth of mind, of thought, in the human race. At the present day among the most advanced of our race this part is very highly developed, giving rise to the marvellous development of emotional genius that you find in the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the artist of every kind. Think then of that as largely evolved in all of you, you being thoughtful and educated people.

The next thing you need to realise is that people differ very much, partly according to climate, partly

according to race; that this astral part of you has senses, like the physical part of you, and that under certain conditions of race and climate these senses become developed in some more than in other nations that are under different climatic and racial conditions. Go to California, to the West of America, or to one of those more central States where the electrical tension in the atmosphere is normally so high that children make a game of running along the carpet and rubbing their feet against it, thus charging themselves with electricity, so that if one of them puts his finger near the cheek of another child an electric spark will pass. Under these conditions these astral senses develop far more rapidly, and you find along the Western coast of America a large minority (not yet quite a majority) who have developed the astral part of themselves to a considerable extent, and have become what are called 'sensitive'. Now anyone may become that at the present stage of evolution if you mesmerise him and thus dull the denser body; he may then become clairvoyant, clairaudient—showing that these senses are very near the surface, very ready to break through. In the ordinary man and woman, while they are so near the surface, they do not, as a rule, show real development to any great extent unless artificially stimulated; but under certain conditions they do show themselves. If you are under a very great nervous strain, if you have overworked yourself so that you

are nervously weak, if your temperature goes up beyond 102° or 103°, then you will tend to become clairvoyant or clairaudient. When you have fever and what you call delirium, it is only the weakness of the physical body allowing the astral to dominate it for the time, and to impress on the weakened brain what it sees in its own world; you may constantly find people who are clairvoyant when not well—a dangerous form of the faculty, because, except upon a healthy body, it is likely to cause so great a strain as rapidly to pass into hysteria.

Another manifestation of the beginnings of this faculty is the fact that you will find there are a certain number of people who, whenever music is played, see colours. Carmen Sylvia, the Queen of Roumania, wrote an article not very long ago in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, in which she described her own clairvoyance; whenever she heard music she saw colour. According to the type of the music is the shade of colour. A trumpet blast gives the colour of scarlet; devotional music fills the atmosphere with blue. You may find plenty of detail as to this in Theosophical literature, if you care to look more fully into the subject.[1] Take again a feeling that many of you perhaps have, a certain feeling of nervousness at night, if you are quite alone in a house. Carlyle once said of the devil: "I do not believe in him, but I am afraid of him if I wake up in the middle of the night."

[1] *Thought-forms*, by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater.

Now something very like this is true of other people besides Carlyle.

There are many of us—very brave, I am prepared to admit, in broad daylight—who yet can quite understand what he means. I know in my own case when I was a sceptic and I lived quite alone in London, that when I sat up writing to two or three o'clock in the morning, it meant a mental effort to turn out the gas, go out into the dark hall, and walk upstairs in the lonely silent house. I did feel nervous, though then too proud to confess it. Now that I know the astral world, I have no fear; then I had no belief in it, yet I feared. Why? I now know the reason, though I did not know it then. At these times vitality is low. Any doctor will tell you that towards midnight your vitality touches the lowest ebb; from about twelve to two or three is the great danger-time when illness is approaching possible death; and it is when the vitality is thus low that the astral matter asserts itself, receives impressions from the astral world and passes them on to the brain, and we shrink back from the unknown, and therefore the feared.

Again, some of you have 'premonitions'. If a friend is ill at a distance, even when you do not know it, you will find that you have been anxious about that friend. If without your knowledge a friend dies, you will often find that at the moment of his death a sense of depression comes over you. If you want to test this, make a rule of noting at the time

any sudden depression, any sudden elation, for which there is no palpable cause, and keep these notes in your diary, comparing them, when you hear of it later, with what has happened among relatives, friends, or people to whom in any way your mind is turned. You will learn more by examining yourself than by attending lectures. A lecture is only a sign-post; knowledge comes from study and self-observation.

Turn from that to another way in which astral matter shows itself palpably and obviously. Take the case in which a single feeling sweeps over the whole of a crowd. One case of that would be oratory addressed to the emotions. Most of you will know the name of my friend Charles Bradlaugh, one of the most remarkable orators of his day, if not the most remarkable. I have heard him lecture on a Radical subject with a number of members of the Carlton Club—respectable old Tories—sitting in a row in front of him, and they all applauded him furiously, carried away simply by emotion, roused in them by their astral bodies vibrating under the force of his. But I have grave doubts whether, over their coffee the next morning, remembering the lecture, they did not reprobate strongly the Radical sentiments which they had so vigorously applauded during their delivery.

And that is constantly the case. Take another illustration—panic. A sudden cry is raised; a few are frightened; but fear sets the astral part of the body vibrating, and waves and billows of emotion

swing backwards and forwards, and so on, and on, and on, all through the crowd, setting their astral bodies vibrating, causing the emotion of fear, until a mad panic sweeps over them, and they fly they know not from what.

Take a fit of hysterics. A doctor will tell you that if one patient in a hospital ward is seized with a fit of hysterics, she must be removed as rapidly as possible, otherwise the other patients will become hysterical. Why? Because the emotion sets the astral body of that patient vibrating, and other astral bodies answer to it, setting up the same rate of vibration, and thus is reproduced the emotion.

Look into your own experience. You meet a person who is cheerful, bright, happy, and you say: "He is like a ray of sunshine when he comes into a room"; or another comes in, with a great cloud of depression round him, and you say: "He is a regular wet blanket"; we all feel it, and grow miserable; but why? There is some cause for all these things. Happiness and depression are infectious; they spread just like a disease or a vigorous condition of health. Anything that causes vibration in matter is infectious, for those material vibrations reproduce themselves, and so bring about similar emotions, or conditions, in other people.

Take one other case as a last illustration of this. You meet a man in a bad temper; have you ever noticed that you are very much inclined to become

irritable yourself, even though you may previously have been in a thoroughly good temper? If you meet a man coming along who is cross and ill-tempered, you begin to feel irritable; but why? only because he is there; because his astral body is setting yours going; and your astral body by vibrating in answer to his awakens within you the feeling of irritability. That is why great religious Teachers command us to return good for evil and love for hate. If a man who is full of hate comes to you in hatred, and you answer him back by a similar emotion of hatred, then these synchronous vibrations strengthen each other. Wider and wider grows the swing of the wave, stronger and stronger the violent vibrations, and so anger breeds anger, hatred breeds hatred, and the two men quarrel, and perhaps become enemies for the future. But, says every great Teacher: "Do not return a wrong emotion with the same wrong emotion; return it with the right emotion opposed to it." The Lord Buḍḍha said: "Hatred ceaseth not by hatred, at any time; hatred ceaseth by love." The Lord Christ told you to answer those that hate you with blessing. Here is the scientific reason why, in Their great wisdom, the religious Leaders of mankind have taught this ethical doctrine. Not so very long ago a sceptic said to me: "Why should I return good for evil? It is an absurd thing to do." I did not argue with him as to the moral point; I only showed him the material result, pointed out to him

the vibrations that we cause by anger, pointed out to him the opposite vibrations caused by love, showed him that the love-vibration would extinguish the hate-vibration, and so peace would arise where otherwise quarrel would supervene. And what was his answer? "Oh! Now you are talking sense, and I quite see why I should return good for evil."

Another point arises from that—that you can cultivate right emotions in yourself, as you will, and so you can help also to get rid of wrong emotion in others. You can be a walking benediction, soothing the anger of others, smoothing away their irritability, spreading cheerfulness, happiness, joy, around you by a law of nature sure and inviolable.

But there is one other point that before leaving this I should mention—your responsibility for what you feel. If every right emotion not only generates in you a vibration of matter, but that vibration goes out into the world around and affects the emotional bodies of others; if a wrong emotion acts in a similar way; then it is not enough to control the outside physical body; it is not enough to stop the frown, or angry word, or gesture; you must eradicate the feeling which lies below them, invisible. You are affecting your whole community by your feeling and you are responsible for the influence you spread. This applies especially wherever there are criminals of violent type, men of the type we get more of in the West than in the East, where an emotion of anger is

expressed at once by a blow. Think of the self-controlled men and women around them who would never dream of striking a blow in anger; they are too well-bred, too dignified, too proud; but the angry feeling is within them; their astral body is pulsing with the angry vibration that goes throbbing out into the astral world, together with many similar vibrations. All the angry thoughts in that community join together to make a wave of vibrations carrying angry emotions, and when these dash against the undeveloped type of man at a moment when he is provoked, he is stimulated by them to strike with far more anger than he would otherwise feel. He may strike a blow which is murder, for which the law of man cannot punish the generators of much of his passion. They go down to their graves honoured and respected, while he expiates his crime on the gallows. But what of the Divine Law, which judges the whole of man, emotions as well as actions, the Law of absolute Justice, which gives to every man the result of that which he has sown, and awards to each his share of the murderer's crime, who has added to it his own angry thought sent out carelessly to the injury of the world?

And so with the great acts of heroism, where a man springs into a burning house or plunges into a rushing river, not thinking of himself or of his danger, but only of a child to be rescued there. He may be a commonplace man, no hero, as you would have thought

before; but into that sudden action there have flowed the impulses of all the brave thoughts of the society in which he is living: the courage of the doctor who attends the patient in infection, the courage of the nurse who cares for the child dying of diphtheria, the courage of the mother attending her diseased babe, the courage of each and all, of simple, humble people, doing what to them is simple duty or action of love, who know not their own nobleness, who know not what they do; but their good thoughts go out into the atmosphere around them, live and move in that atmosphere, and when the opportunity comes, when the man with courage in him, though not heroic, plunges into the fire or the stream, all those noble thoughts of courage have there found their incarnation, and the reward of virtue, under the Divine Law, belongs to all who shared in the noble emotion. Thus we learn how we are bound together, how we influence each other constantly through this ocean of astral matter in which we are all plunged.

Now come to sleep. What happens to you when you go to sleep? The astral part of you, with all the rest of the still finer matter, leaves the denser part on the bed. "But," you say, "that is what savages talk about, those whom we call animists." Do not always be too proud in disposing of the ideas of savages. Savages for the most part are the degenerate descendants of great nations of the past, and preserve some of their thought in their own traditions. More

and more are modern investigations showing that the savage is not the child-man he was thought to be, but rather the very very old man, going, as it were, into his second childhood, into the dotage, the old age, of savagery. Among the savages there are traditions surviving which show, as Frederick Myers said, a knowledge of the sub-conscious that our modern psychology is only rediscovering to-day. It is no valid argument for rejection of an idea if you say that it is a savage's idea, for a savage may be right, however often wrong, and your knowledge may be lacking in something that the man living nearer to Nature knows, that you know not. I only ask you then to take as a hypothesis that, when you go to sleep at night, you are in the finer part of your body leaving the denser on the bed. We often have what are called dreams, and you may study them very thoroughly. What are dreams? There are three main sorts of them, and you may study them in Du Prel's *Philosophy of Mysticism* which remains a classic on this particular subject.[1] We have there a study of dreams, full of suggestion and illumination. Now there are some dreams that do not count, broken disjointed dreams, fragments of the day's memory, of yesterday, of last week, last month, broken fragments that are put together into a kind of mosaic. Incongruous and irrational, these are mostly due to pressure on some vessel in the brain,

[1] See also *Dreams*, by C. W. Leadbeater.

or a little increase in the flow of blood, a possible check in some small vein, caused, as it may be, by indigestion. You may put those aside—they are not significant.

Then you come to dreams that are still physical, but belong more to the etheric part of the body. A number of experiments have been made as to these, in which sleeping people have been touched, and waked by the touch. You will find a very, very large number in the book I have mentioned. Let me only take one, to show you the kind of dream—it is dramatic. A man was touched on the back of the neck and he was waked by the touch; on waking he said: "I have had a horrible dream; I dreamt that I had shot a man, committed a murder, was brought before the Court, tried for my life, condemned, sentenced, taken away to the condemned cell, carried to the guillotine, and at the moment the knife touched me, I awoke!" There you have one of those dramatic dreams. It was generated by the touch on the neck: the whole of it passed rapidly, so rapidly that you could only measure part of a minute between the touch and the waking; but in that little space of time, this long, long dream had occurred. That is only one of very many in the course of long investigations into the nature of dreams; it led to the psychological conclusion that the matter in which thought functions out of the body is finer than that in which it functions in the body, because the succes-

sion of states of consciousness is so much more rapid than it can be in the brain in a similar space of time. This kind of dream is not very significant; such dreams have their cause in some outside impact —not necessarily physical; it may be some thought in the mind which starts the dream.

There remains another class of dreams, which are the real experiences of the man outside the brain. These are the experiences of the man clothed in the finer astral matter, living in the astral world. These are valuable, and they often merely seem, on waking, to be very vivid dreams. Sometimes you gain by them knowledge that you do not have in your waking brain. Of those you may find some on record in Frederick Myers' book, *Human Personality*. He has collected a number of these dreams where knowledge was gained in sleep, that, in the waking brain, was not obtainable. Try the experiment yourself. It you happen to care for working mathematical problems, or there is any question to which you want an answer, put it in your mind when you are going to sleep: do not *think* of it, because thinking of it will keep you awake, but treat your mind as if it were a box. Put your question into the box and leave it there. In the morning you will generally find the answer where you had left the question. At one time I was fond of playing with mathematics and working difficult problems. I used to think at night of one which I had failed to work out, and left it

in the mind, in the way described; in the morning I had the solution in the mind, and I wrote it down before I was quite awake. It is difficult on returning to the physical body to impress the brain; and if you want to do these experiments, keep a pencil and paper at your bed-side, and write down, before you are quite awake, the solution you have found. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us that his book, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* was given to him by his 'Brownies' in a dream. Mozart, the great musician, said that in that way he heard his great music, and coming out of that state he wrote down, note by note, that which in the other condition he had heard simultaneously. So the great poet Tennyson had a similar experience, in which, by repeating his own name over and over again, he practically hypnotised his brain, and then he passed into a state he could not describe, in which everything was clear, in which "death was a laughable impossibility, and in which the loss of individuality seemed to be the only true life". But then Tennyson was a genius, and these things happen more readily to the genius than to the ordinary man of the world.

Another experiment you might try with regard to dreams. You know some one who is in trouble, or some one who is in the grip of a vice. You are away, and you cannot reach your troubled friend. Think of him as you go to sleep; think that you want to go to him and to comfort him; and your thought will

carry you to him when you fall asleep, and you will give him the comfort that you desire. Many a vice has been broken in that way. Drunkenness has been cured by it; for in the hour of sleep, when the man is more susceptible than at other times, you may go to him astrally and put to him the arguments which in his waking consciousness would anger him. In the astral that thought can be printed on the mind, and it will come to him as his own thinking when he wakes; and thus you may help a friend. This is within the reach of any of you. No special training is wanted for it.

And so with those you love who have passed away from you in death. Sometimes you dream of them. You do not realise that it is no dream or fancy; it is a real meeting in the world into which you go when your body is asleep. Think of your dead whom you love, think, fix your mind upon them; and in the hours of sleep you, waking, shall be with them, and only when you pass back into the waking life—that which men call waking, but which is really, to the higher worlds, a sleep—then to them you are falling asleep, because you are going out of their immediate reach and touch. And you may give them much help in this way. As you develop, you become what we call 'awake' on the astral plane. That means that your astral senses are turned outwards. You see, and feel, and hear, and know, and can talk as freely as here—no, more freely than here. And when

there is some great calamity, some great earthquake, or some frightful shipwreck, or a terrible outbreak of war such as that which now is strewing Eastern Europe with the dead, if you will you can be a helper, you can be there to help these unhappy ones, flung out of their bodies in the passion of conflict, angry, startled, knowing not where they are, nor what has happened; and you may go to them as angels of mercy, calming, soothing and consoling—when you have learned to be conscious in a higher world than this.

And when you have that consciousness, death ceases to alarm, for this world into which we go every night is the same world into which we pass after death. Some Christians call it 'the intermediate world,' intermediate between this world and heaven. The Hinḍūs call it kāmaloka, the land of desire, the land of feeling—truly it is the emotional land. When you die, you only put aside the body altogether, as you have put it aside temporarily every night in sleep, and you pass into the well known astral country with which you have been familiar while still living in the physical body. What will you find when you wake there after the sleep that men call death? You will find yourself the man, the woman, that you were, your emotions the same, your thoughts the same, your knowledge the same. You are not changed; but the condition into which you pass depends upon the life that here you have led; and there is the value of the knowledge of what lies on the other side of death.

For those who are Christians and who have been brought up in the old belief that hell is everlasting, for them what lies on the other side of death—even to the good among them—is often a matter of alarm; and the more rational of them, feeling themselves neither good enough for an everlasting heaven, nor bad enough for an everlasting hell, throw the whole thing aside and say: "Let us wait till we get there." They will find themselves all right enough, it is true; still, it is not the best way to go into an unknown world. The Roman Catholic calls this world purgatory; provided you have not died in mortal sin, the Church can arrange matters, and even when the Church cannot help, there remain those great 'uncovenanted mercies' of the Most High, that surely would save the helpless soul from everlasting misery. Purgatory, however, does not apply, as the Church supposes, to all people who are not 'Saints'. It applies to those only who have lived in flagrant and coarse sin, especially the sins of the body, gluttony, drunkenness, profligacy; these three great sins of the body imply horrible misery on the other side of death. It is not because of the anger of God, for God is love; not because of His wrath, for He is the Father of every soul that He has made; but because—having nourished the cravings, the passions and the appetites which have their home in the astral body, of which the physical body is only the instrument of gratification—you find all those cravings on

the other side of death, while the instrument whereby they used to be gratified has been struck away by the icy hand of death. That is the real 'hell'—the drunkard craving for drink, the glutton for savoury food, the sensualist for sense-delights; and these cravings are a thousand-fold stronger than on earth, and they cannot gratify them; they have nothing whereby they can contact the object of desire, and the craving, unsatisfied, gnaws them like a fire that tortures them until it is starved out by lack of satisfaction. If you die having made your passions strong, misery is indeed your state on the other side of death; according to the Law, that which you have sown you reap, that which you have made you receive. You are your own self-tormentor, and your own folly alone can make you miserable on the other side of death.

But there are numbers of people who are not in suffering, but yet are not happy, who are, to use a colloquial expression, very much 'bored'; and those are the people all of whose interests here have been trivial. If you only care about frivolous amusements, if you only find your pleasure in that which requires no intellect, if you care neither for art nor literature nor for anything which awakens the higher emotions, if you gamble and bet, if you find your pleasure in passing events, if you go to church only to see the latest fashions from Europe, I am bound to tell you that you will not have a very happy time after death for a somewhat long period; nothing will interest

you; you cannot carry on the frivolities of life; you cannot carry on your household interests, and all the little things which fill your day down here. You may say: "I am obliged to do household drudgery, I am forced to work at my profession; do you tell me that on the other side of death I shall therefore have a time of weariness, not of anguish indeed, but of unspeakable ennui?" There is one way by which you may avoid it. If in doing your trivial daily work you look on it as part of the Divine activity; if you do it as part of God's work in the world, by which Society is held together; if you see as such work that of the merchant who brings us sustenance, of the lawyer who helps divine justice to assert itself, of the judge who administers the divine law for the good of the people, of the doctor who embodies the divine power of healing, of the mother who, full of maternal cares, embodies the divine Motherhood that nourishes the world and makes possible life and health, of the law-giver who thinks of the divine law; if thus you knit your daily avocations to the great world-activities that are divine—oh, then you are working in a spirit that carries you beyond the trivial duty and limitations, beyond the petty details of earthly life into the glory of divine activity, of God working in His world.

But that is no new doctrine. You remember how George Herbert taught it, speaking of a servant sweeping a room:

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

You may here take an extreme case : one class most depressed, outcaste, filthy, unreceivable, untouchable ; it is the class of scavengers. But, by their uncleanliness we are kept clean ; by their misery our health is preserved ; by their degradation our refinement has its flowering ; as the lotus grows out of the mire, so does our refinement grow out of their defilement. They are doing necessary work ; without them society could not endure. If you can tell them that they are co-workers with Nature ; if you can, by educating them, open their intelligence, and then begin to teach them to realise that the work that they are doing is Nature's noble work ; that the health of the whole community depends upon its due execution ; if you can tell them that Nature takes all filth and turns it into flowers, all foulness and turns it into fragrance ; if you can make them understand that they are co-workers with Nature, and therefore yourselves feel that they are to be honoured and not to be despised ; if you can look at it in that way, you will have learned the great secret of the spiritual life, that God is the one Worker, and that therefore all good work is honourable and is to be respected.

You see the ideas so far. When once you grasp them, they mean so much in life. To all those who

are neither physically vicious nor mentally nor emotionally trivial, to all of those on the other side of death the intermediate world is a life of happiness, of keen enjoyment, of usefulness to man beyond anything that we can do in the physical world.

I have run hastily over a great subject, and I have tried to fill up gaps and deficiences by the names of the few books that I have given you, in which you can find further particulars. I only say to you in closing this second stage of our study: If you gain knowledge; if you realise that the world is a realm of law as much in your emotions as in mechanical movements; if you gain the knowledge how to control, to guide, to shape your emotions, to bring them under control, to make them what you would have them, to impose upon them your rule and sovereignty, and not allow them to carry you away on the crest of their surging billows—ah! that knowledge, that understanding of the law, will make your life calm and strong, and you will realise that our study, necessarily superficial as it must be in one brief hour, is worthy to be followed in your own leisure, using your own intelligence; then the sign-post that I have put up to-day may guide you to a knowledge and a virtue, which may glorify your life and make peaceful your death.

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Students may read *The Astral Plane* and *Clairvoyance*; and the chapters on the astral sphere in

*Ancient Wisdom, Popular Lectures on Theosophy, A Textbook of Theosophy, Theosophy* (People's Books Series). Experiments in hypnotism may be studied in Binet and Feré's book on the subject, and in Charcot's *La Grande Hystérie.*

# Man's Life in the Mental World and After Death

FRIENDS: We have this evening to take up the third, and I almost think the most interesting subject of the three to which these talks have been dedicated—the question of the mind, its world, and what happens after death to man as an intellect, as an intelligence. You may remember that in the first lecture I used a certain term which I borrowed from the late William Kingdon Clifford, the word mind-stuff. Now Professor Clifford was an Agnostic; perhaps he would have gone even further than that in describing his own mental position. He did not believe in the survival of individual consciousness after death, but thought that the individual consciousness then returned, as he said, into the great ocean of cosmic consciousness. But being a scientific man, and accustomed to find everywhere that where life or force was manifested there was also present some form of matter serving as a medium for the action of that force, serving as material in which the force became manifest, he argued that as thought was evidently manifest in our world,

there must be some particular type of matter which responded to the thought and acted as its medium of manifestation and made it effective in our world. He argued along the ordinary scientific lines, no further; but he could not refuse to go as far as that. Hence he said that with regard to mind there must be this special mind-stuff, just as in relation to sight you had ether thrown into waves, or in relation to sound the air thrown into waves which convey the vibrations which in the ear are sound. If you think of it for a moment, it will not seem to you unreasonable—whether you consider the Spirit of man as an immortal Intelligence as we do, or whether you regard it as a temporary manifestation of consciousness—it will not seem to you an unreasonable thing that we should expect to find some type of matter correlated to that, as the eye to light, as the ear to sound. Our view of it is that our immortal, or rather eternal, Spirit, in order to come into contact with the lower worlds, has appropriated some of the matter belonging to those worlds, in order that by this means it may contact them; and as we saw in the first of these talks that the Spirit showed itself out along the three lines of Will, of Wisdom, of Creative Activity, so we should expect to find, if there are worlds of thought, worlds of emotion, worlds of volition, that our Spirit would gather unto itself some matter from each of those worlds, in order that it might energise in them and manifest, clothed

in their matter. Three worlds, I have said, and the only point I would ask you for a moment to accept as a hypothesis with regard to these worlds, is that each is distinct from the other by the type of its fundamental atom. That is not, of course, recognised in ordinary science; we allege that just as solid, liquid and gas—and we say also ether—are simply aggregations of the ultimate physical atoms, so in the world of the emotions and in the world of the mind there is an ultimate atom, of which all aggregations are composed, the states of matter being simply that same atom put together in different ways. Just in the same way as you find them in the physical world as solids, liquids and gases, so think of them in the emotional and the mental worlds, and in this way imagine to yourself a world of what is called mind-stuff—the stuff in which thought energises.

I have spoken of three worlds, but our brain shuts us out from two of them, so far as the phenomena of those worlds are concerned. By the brain we know only one world, but our consciousness is working in three. Think for one moment, if you will, of the fact that finer matter is just as real as denser. My Indian friends must not question the word 'real' for the moment; I am not talking metaphysically. I say that, taking matter as real, finer matter is just as real as denser, and finer matter, you may notice, is the means by which, down here, the contact of the external world is conveyed to an embodied consciousness.

Oh yes, you say, this is all very well; we grant that we hear by means of waves of air that normally we cannot see; that we see by waves of ether, which are yet invisible to us; but you are assuming that there are other forms of invisible matter which also convey certain distinct forms of knowledge to the consciousness. Now your brain is evolving, it is not perfect; it is developing, it is not complete; and just as you have developed in your physical body the organs of the five senses that now you know and recognise as the means of the contact of consciousness with the outer world, so you have still undeveloped in the brain the two other future organs which will bring within the limit of the waking consciousness of man, working in the brain, the knowledge of the phenomena of the emotional and mental worlds. Now, of course, in that statement I cannot buttress myself completely with ordinary science, but we have a little more knowledge on this than we had a few years ago.

Those two organs, (and I ask pardon of any of the medical profession present) are the two little-regarded bodies, called the pituitary body and the pineal gland. Some researches have been made, but they have not gone further than to say that the pineal gland produces an internal secretion, and to connect the pituitary body with certain abnormal kinds of growth. Also they recognise that if alcohol, for instance, is taken into the body, the volatile part of

it, ascending through the internal openings to the pituitary body, poisons that body very rapidly and seriously. That is all science tells us. But we say, that by this pituitary body the knowledge of the phenomena of the astral world is brought through, that it is the future organ of sense by which that knowledge will come into man's waking consciousness. We also say, from experience, that those people who are trying to develop the sight and other senses of the astral world, unless they are careful—it has happened to myself and to others—may, by overstraining that particular part of the brain, bring on inflammation of the pituitary body that is very intractable and difficult to get rid of completely. I only put this as an indication of the connection; you may take it for what it is worth.

We also regard the pineal gland as that which is to put the brain into touch with the mental world. Some quite recent investigations promise to be useful in this respect. There is a celebrated German neurologist named Von Frankl Hochwart, who is engaged in investigating the functions of the pineal gland; and he says that, while he is not yet prepared to go far in the statement, he has no doubt that it is connected with the mental attributes of man. In connection with this gland there is the well-known physiological fact, that there are certain secretions of that gland that are not found in the brain in infancy, nor in the brain of the very old man, nor

in the brain of the idiot, but that are found when the man dies in full mental activity.

You have there a sign-post only—I will not claim more—pointing along a road for future investigation, in which I make bold to say that, as often before, the statements of the Seers and Mystics of to-day will be endorsed by the orthodox science of to-morrow. Further than that I do not desire to press it.

Leaving that then as a question for the future—when and how a knowledge of the other worlds will come into our waking consciousness—I tell you definitely that this is attained by working on these bodies in the brain, side by side with other practices of meditation prolonged for a considerable period; and that there are a certain number of people, here and elsewhere, who have developed the power to know, without losing their consciousness in the brain, the phenomena of the mental and astral worlds, so that these worlds come within the ordinary observation of the waking consciousness. I shall have presently to say something about the Mystic with regard to a very interesting lecture given quite lately by the Dean of S. Paul's, of which some of you may have read an account in the London *Times*, commenting on some of the points that he has raised.

Now from our standpoint, the mental body, as we call it, or the mental organisation in your ordinary body—for it permeates the physical—is made up of this mind-stuff, and it is organised by

thinking. The more you think, the more organised is this mental part of your body becoming, and that creative action of thought shows itself physically on the brain, shows itself mentally in the growth of intelligence, shows itself, by a method that in a moment I will describe to you, morally in the building of character. I shall ask you to remember that we are dealing with that which is a reflection of the divine Creative Activity, the activity of that third Person in the Trinity, or the Ṭrimūrṭi, who brings the worlds into existence; that which the creative Divine Spirit is to a Universe, your Mind, your Intellect, is to you, the one creative power that you have at your disposal, the power by which you can remodel yourself, to some extent in brain, largely in intelligence, thoroughly in matters of morality. The power is within you; you only have to learn how to use it, and I will try to indicate to you the lines along which you may prove this power for yourself to be a Law in Nature.

"What a man thinks, that he becomes." I am quoting, as many of you will know, an old verse from one of the Upaniṣhaṭs of the Hinḍūs; just as you find written in that ancient work, "what a man thinks, that he becomes," so you find the Hebrew King Solomon saying: "What a man thinks, that he is."

It does not matter whether you take the Hinḍū or the Hebrew Sage; each is enunciating a law of Nature, too much forgotten in our modern days. As regards the brain, the creative action of thought works upon

it, and increases its growth. Take up any good book on Anatomy and study the mechanism of the brain. You will find definitely that the brain of the little child is comparatively smooth; that the brain of the thinker, dying in maturity, shows an enormously increased number of what are called convolutions. You will find also, if you will read a book more now on Physiology than on Anatomy, that there is a certain group of cells in the brain—large and nucleated, but comparatively few in number—which in the infant are separate cells, not connected with one another at all; until about the seventh year of the child those cells have not yet joined one another by the protruding processes [dendra] that later they put out; but as thought begins to work, as the child begins to reason, to judge, to compare, the intelligence playing upon the brain, which is to be the instrument of thought, stimulates the growth and change of these cells. They put out little rootlets, the rootlets anastamose and gradually there is created a kind of web or network, joining all these cells together. They do not increase in number but in size, and multiply the rootlets that come out from them; and as the processes of reasoning are carried on, as the child's mind begins to put out its powers, there is a growth of the substance of the brain and the instrument of thought improves. From that many a doctor draws the conclusion that when you are dealing with a child under seven years of age, you should rather cultivate his power of

observation than his power of reasoning, and that you should not demand from the child a form of intelligence for which he has not yet developed the material basis. So you find that even on this resistant brain of dense physical matter there is some effect produced by the creative activity of thought.

Now come to character. I do not want on this matter that you should take for granted what I say. I offer you a simple experiment that you can perform for yourself, to test the truth of the existence of the law which I am now going to explain. I allege that there is a law in Nature by which the mind, dwelling upon any virtue, gradually builds that virtue into the character, until it shows itself automatically and no longer by effort, and that a man can deliberately build his character as he chooses to build it, if he will only work according to the law with the patience and the perseverance that all first-hand experiments demand when you are dealing with the laws of Nature.

Now let me tell you how it is done. Looking at your character, you will do most wisely to choose out a point on which you are deficient—not one of your strong points in character, but a weak one; you may find in yourself a lack of truth, cowardice, irritability, any vice or deficiency that you please. When you have once recognised that you express yourself normally along that undesirable line: that when a person provokes you, you are irritable; that

when a danger faces you, you are cowardly; that when there is difficulty, you are untruthful; then never think of it again. Choose out the opposite virtue, and never think of the weakness again. Every time you think of that weakness you throw thought-force into it, and make it persistent instead of getting rid of it. Even if you regret it, the life which is thought goes into it; your regret increases it, and makes the defect more rooted in the character. Throw it behind your back. Never for a moment allow the mind to dwell upon it, but think about the opposite virtue. Do not merely think of it casually. Every morning, when you rise, before you go out to mingle in the world, fix your mind for two, three, four or five minutes, according to your power of concentration, on the virtue that you desire to build. Go on persistently doing that every morning; never leave a morning without the practice, because if you do, the matter of the mental body will tend to lose the form you are imposing upon it, and will sink back into that which it was in before. You will fail in the virtue every day automatically, time after time; never mind if you fail every day; go on, none the less, thinking in the morning. Say you are trying for patience; you think patience in the morning; later on, someone provokes you; you answer irritably; but, as you give the irritable answer, the thought will come up in the mind: "Oh, I meant to be patient!" Never mind! When you

have thought of patience for four or five mornings, the moment you give your irritable answer the thought will come into the mind: "Oh, I meant to be patient." Go on persistently; and presently the thought of patience will come just before the irritable answer, and you will restrain the word, if not the thought. Go on persistently; the time needed depends on your concentration, your power of thought; but sooner or later the irritability will absolutely disappear, and patience will take its place: you will find that, automatically, you answer provocation with patience, you answer anger with gentleness. You have built into your mental body the virtue towards which you aspired. You meditate in different ways according to your ingenuity in planning them. One favourite way of mine—for I was very irritable in my younger days—one favourite way of mine was making myself an embodiment of patience; you never saw such a saint as I was in my meditation; whatever I might have been outside of it during the day, I was absolutely, completely and perfectly patient in it! Then I brought up round me mentally all the most unpleasant and provoking people that I knew, and I heightened their power of provocation as much as I increased my own power of patience; and so I made a little mental drama, in which they provoked me in every possible way, and I answered as a modern Griselda. After a time, when I met the people, I found that their power of

provocation had gone. "Why did I think that person so annoying?" I would wonder. I found that, unconsciously and gradually, I had established patience as a permanent part of my character. Any one of you can do it. Try it; for one bit of experience you make for yourself is worth a hundred lectures that you listen to, and wonder if they are true. As the Law is sure, inevitably you will succeed; and so you may go on with virtue after virtue, applying it to one characteristic after another, until at last you find that you are growing nearer to your Ideal, and however far you still sink below it, you know that you are climbing up to the mountain-top where it shines, and are not simply marking time at the base. I have no time to give you more illustrations than one.

Take now the intelligence. If you want to develop your intelligence to a high point, you must think hard, you must shrink from no mental effort, and every day of your life you ought to read part—if only half a page—of a book hard to understand, that strains your mental muscles and so strengthens them by exercise. But the one great way of strengthening the mind is by meditation. Many of you think of meditation as a purely religious exercise. Religious, yes, in the sense that all good things find their place in religion; but quite outside the religious value of meditation is its mental value, the power it gives you of concentration, the power it gives you of not being disturbed by any passing object that would otherwise

draw your attention away, the power it gives you of fastening your mind on a single thing and never letting it go until you have mastered it: these are the results of meditation, as useful for this world as for the preparation for the next. If you would meditate for only ten minutes or a quarter of an hour every day you would be conscious of the growth in the power of your mind. Things you had read and not understood, you would take up and re-read and find that you understood them fully; for a man can make his mind what he will, as well as his moral character. When you read in order to develop the mind, you try to come into touch with the mind of your author, and not only with his written words. The word expresses but half the thought, sometimes less than half, and if you read over a book rapidly, turning page after page and just seizing the main points, that does not much help your mind to grow; but to take a difficult subject and think over a passage for a time longer than it takes to read it, to take one sentence and think over it for twice the time, *that* will help the mind to grow, the intelligence to evolve, and it will cure you of that bad habit of the modern mind of scattering your attention over a dozen different things, knowing nothing accurately, nothing thoroughly, as a mind should master a subject.

Now thinking makes a *habit* of the mind. That habit of scattering—has it never struck you that it grows very largely out of the short paragraphs, in all the

newspapers that we take up to read, in order that we may gather news from all directions? In our modern life we cannot help reading newspapers; we require to know how the world is going on. But in order to correct the habit of scattering, you ought to have a book of sustained consecutive thinking to study, even though you can only spare a short time. That will correct the habit of scattered attention which inevitably grows up by the ordinary reading of short paragraphs. There is hardly a newspaper now that ventures to give a leading article that demands really careful thinking; the editors try to summarise and to state an opinion for their readers to echo; they rarely give a careful consecutive column of reasoning, but they all have a column filled with paragraphs of half a dozen lines, of twenty lines, and so on. To care for those more than for sustained thought is a proof of the uneducated mind, which, like a butterfly, goes from one flower to another, which gathers scarcely anything for the nourishing of the mind in days to come. And as we cannot help reading newspapers, we ought to correct this bad habit of broken-off attention either by meditation, or by a short time of hard reading; thus you will not form that modern habit of scattered thought, which wastes your intellectual forces and even leaves you bankrupt when you need them most.

The other important habit is control of mind; how many of you control your minds at all? Do not

your minds control you? There is a very easy test. Can any worry keep you awake at night? If it can, it is your mind that controls you, and not you that control your mind. Your mind ought to be so much your servant, that if you have a troublesome thing to think of during the day, you can shut it from your mind at night; you can look at the troublesome thing and not allow it to enter the mind to exhaust your forces for the morrow. You ought to be so master of your thought, that you should never worry. It is said that worry wears a person out, and work does not. Worry is like the racing of a machine where the wheels whirl round doing nothing, and wear themselves out more rapidly than when the machine is really at work. Your brain is a machine. Do not allow the mind to harass it, when the mind is doing nothing worth while, but insist on keeping the door, the key, of your own brain and shut out everything you do not want—and that ought to be everything on which the direction of thought is useless for the time. That is the rule of wisdom: never to think about a troublesome matter unless to add to your power of dealing with it, and that is not included in the word worry. Worry means going round and round; thinking what this person will say, what the other will say; stop that, if you value your thought-power. You must have control of your mind and make it obedient to your will.

Now, the mental world is a real world. I have been talking of thought as showing itself down here

through the brain, in the waking consciousness. But its own world, the mental world, is a world as real as—much more real than—this physical world in which you are. There thoughts, as it is often said, are things; the thoughts there have form. Thoughts are recognisable often by their form, and all the time you are thinking, working in mental matter, you are fabricating thought-forms, and those thought-forms are transmissible. You know what sometimes is called a mental atmosphere. Every nation has its own mental atmosphere. You cannot see any mental phenomenon truly unless you learn to divest yourself of the mental atmosphere of your own particular nation, of your own particular mind. Watch nations before they go to war. For the most part, they go to war because of misunderstanding. They see the same fact in two different ways. A German and a Frenchman cannot see the question of Alsace and Lorraine in the same way; each sees it distorted through his own national atmosphere. This mental atmosphere is round us all the time, and half the misunderstandings in this country, where men of different races are so close together, arise from the mere dry fact that the man of each nation has his own national atmosphere round him, through which he sees every question, every emotion, every action of the other man. The Indian sees everything through an Indian atmosphere; the Englishman sees everything through an English atmosphere; and the result is misunderstanding.

And half the troubles are not real differences on either side, but mere misunderstandings of what the other man means, each supplying his own mental atmosphere to him, whereas he is living in an entirely different one.

For these thoughts, these thought-forms, are things that surround us, and all thought is transmissible. The special form of the transmission of thought known as telepathy—where an individual deliberately sends out a thought, aiming it at another person, and trying to impress upon the other the thought which he himself has generated—is a particular case of the general transmissibility. There again you can try if you like, but this experiment is more difficult than the former one. If you begin doing it, two of you, sit at first in the same room, at a limited distance, but sit with your backs to each other. Then one of you must think as hard as he can, as steadily as he can, of some definite object—a triangle or any geometrical symbol is good, for it is easily visualised. One thinks; the other makes his mind as empty as he can; each has a pencil and paper. One man draws the thought that he has in mind; the other man writes down whatever form comes into his mind, without challenging it, or asking if it is likely to be right. That is a condition of successful experiment. Then after a week or two you should change over, after comparing the result of the sending and the receiving. Do not go on receiving always; you will become too

negative, too receptive to other people's impressions; you will make yourself passive, and that is not wise in a world like ours where there may be so much evil thought around you. When you find you have gained a large proportion of successes, then go into different rooms and go on trying; then into different houses; then as far away from each other as you can, and try again. Unless you are quite different from the hundreds of people who have carried out those experiments—you can find plenty of them in the experiments of the Society for Psychical Research—you will find there is an increasing similarity between the thought sent and the thought received; until at last you can use it as accurately as wireless telegraphy, only you are working by the force of mind, while wireless telegraphy is working by electrical force.

I must hurry away from that now to come to the after-death condition in the mental world. Part of that mental world is what you call heaven, svarga—that is your birthplace and your real home. When we begin to study heaven by means of the mental body—which is the normal inhabitant, remember, of that world—we find that people passing into it out of the intermediate world leave behind the body of astral matter, just as in death out of the physical world they leave the body of physical matter behind. Clothed, then, in the mental body that they have used for the whole of their life, they go on into this heavenly world, which is a part of the mental, fenced off from

all trouble, sorrow, difficulty of every kind, and begin then to lead the exquisite heavenly life, and to continue the evolution which in their earth-life they began.

Quite roughly, you may divide the inhabitants of that heaven-world into four classes. 1. Those who in this world were most distinguished by love-emotions of an unselfish kind, directed chiefly to individuals—to family, friends, and so on. They pass an enormous period of time in the company of those they loved on earth, in a union far closer, more perfect, than the union that was possible for them while yet the barrier of flesh was between them. 2. The next great class is the class of those who are devotees in any religion. The Object of their devotion may be the Christian Object, the Hindū, the Buddhist, the Mussulmān, the Pārsī, the Hebrew—it matters not who the Object is, for the forms are many, but the life of all those Objects is one; there is only one God to whom all thought and aspiration must inevitably ascend. Call Him by what name you will: the label is nothing, but the divine Heart is all, and those who in the earth-life have worshipped some special Form, shall find in heaven the Form which embodied God in their earthly aspirations. For God clothes Himself ever in the Form dear to the heart of His devotee, and there are no strangers in the heaven-world. Each finds his highest ideal there. 3. Then you come to a great class of people who have loved, but in a larger, further-reaching way, the philanthropist, the worker

for the good of man, those who for the sake of religion gave up much of ease and pleasure in order that they might help their fellow-men. They are busy planning different schemes for future labour, devising plans for future execution, working out the methods whereby the world may be helped, and perfecting—as the architect perfects his plan—the building of love and service that they will afterwards erect on earth for the helping of mankind. 4. In the fourth class are the great Thinkers, the great Artists, those who loved the right for the sake of right and not for any prize that religion might offer them for the doing, those who were seeking after knowledge, those who were cultivating art—all these are to be found in the heavenly world, reaping what they sowed, and also sowing, from the result of their reaping, the harvest for another life of Service.

And as you study this—I run over it too rapidly, the subject is so large—as you study this you learn to realise that that life in heaven bears directly on the conduct of your life on earth. If you cultivate love, then love your utmost, no matter whether your beloved casts you off, no matter whether your friend betrays you. Love cannot die; and if you persist against all unkindness, against all betrayal, against all treachery, in the heaven-world you will regain your friend, and that which was lost on earth shall come into your hands in heaven. But for that you must continue to love, despite all discouragement,

for you must keep the golden thread unbroken that is to be woven into the heavenly life. And so with those of you who are devoted to some Divine Form. Do not trouble if you sometimes feel cold, indifferent, dry. That is not your real life; it is only the momentary ebb and flow of the emotions. Keep your devotion pure and strong, and in the heaven-life you shall find yourself at the feet of the Object of your devotion, and spend long centuries in learning the infinite Beauty towards which you have aspired, with no veil between your heart and His. And if you want Knowledge, you must sow it here. Here you must begin what in heaven you will carry on, and in your heavenly world, if you are lovers of knowledge, you will meet the great writers with whom now you are in accord and sympathy in the physical body. You can choose your own company in the heaven-world, for there people are drawn together by the attraction of affinity, and those great writers to whom you look up intellectually can there be your intimate friends in the boundless fields of heaven. And if you have aspirations towards Art, and if you can achieve but poorly, yet aspire and struggle; go on working in your life here, no matter how poor your performance, for nothing is wasted of your effort and aspiration. You shall find it all again in heaven, as material on which to work. And if your ideal is human Service, the lessening of human pain, the comforting of human sorrow, the cure of human poverty,

make your best efforts, your persevering struggles here; for everything that here is longing is there worked into power, and everything that here was hope and aspiration becomes there capacity for achievement. For just as a man who is going to weave some exquisite piece of silk goes to one place after another, gathers silk of one hue here, and another hue there, in a third place some gold thread, and some silver in a fourth, and bringing all these gathered treasures of silk and metal, sits down at home at his loom and weaves them into some exquisite garment for wearing and for beauty—such is the relation of this life and the next. Here you gather your threads of hope, of thought, of golden aspiration; you gather them together and carry them home through the gate of death into the heaven world where thought is power. There you weave for yourself a robe to wear when you come back again. No aspiration is wasted, no thought is lost, no jewel is stolen from you; pain is changed into power, and the crown of suffering which here you may have worn as a crown of thorns, is there a crown sparkling with many jewels—a crown which means power to redeem mankind; for every pain is a new power, as Edward Carpenter has well pointed out. That is the relation between this life and the next. So it matters that you should understand it; for if your life here is poor in thought and aspiration, your heaven life will also be poor; you cannot begin a new thing in heaven. The

reason for this is very simple. You are building your mental body now by your thoughts, and you can only, in the heaven-world, come into contact with those things which have occupied your thought down here.[1] That is your material and on it you must work. Outside this you have no material, and nothing comes out of nothing. Hence the enormous importance of your present life. It gives you the material for your heaven life, and according to the wealth of the experience that you gather, so shall be the richness of your life on the other side of death.

Take it then from that standpoint; judge yourselves, judge your own power, judge your own possibilities, and make here that which you would pursue there.

I alluded just now to a lecture of the Dean of S. Paul's, because I wanted to quote one remark. Lecturing on Christian Mysticism, he said: "Every Mystic tells us that heaven is around us all the time." And that is wholly true. You are in touch with the mental world by your mental body, for heaven is in the mental world, as I told you, only it is a specially guarded part of it. Hence you can draw upon the heaven-world around you

[1] The mental body is built during earth-life out of the kinds of matter drawn into it by thought, and through these kinds of matter only can its owner contact the heaven-world. He has no other instrument of contact, hence is limited by the kinds of matter he has built into it. He is unconscious of anything else that may exist around him, because he has no organ by which he can cognise it, exactly as we are unconscious in the physical world of myriads of vibrations to which, having no appropriate sense-organ, we are unable to respond. We have no sense of loss here through our unconsciousness, and we shall have no sense of loss there. But the more we can respond to, the richer is our life.

in proportion as you become alive and waking in a well-organised mental body; you can bring down heaven's music into the discords of this world, bring its radiance and beauty and light into the darkness and the uglinesses here. That was really what S. Paul meant when he said: "Our citizenship is in heaven." From that we came; to that we go again. And if you realise this, you will never ask the question that so many ask: "Shall I know my friends in heaven?" For you are yourself; you will be wearing the very body in which you now think here. They are there in their mental bodies, in which here also you knew them. How else can it be but that you shall know them? Your ties with your friends are not ties of the body merely; they are ties of the emotions and of the intelligence; they are ties belonging to *you*, and not to your garments. A man might as well ask: "Shall I know my wife when I return this evening, when I take off my overcoat and she is in evening dress?" You cannot but know all whom you love, all whom you admire. Your enemies? No! you will not meet them. They will also have their heaven, but there is no point of contact between you and them, for love is the ruler in heaven, and hate has no matter there in which to express itself.

And so in this way you realise that your life is one. You are now living in three worlds, not in one, and your consciousness is acting in all three. Take it as a matter of theory first. If it appeals to you, and your

own reading endorses it, study yourself in the light of this idea, and see whether it does not illuminate many an obscurity, and enable you to understand yourself and those around you better. If you grasp it, it will give you hope; for it matters not how little you are developed now in the particular line in which you desire evolution. Use what you have to the utmost, and more shall pour in upon you in the heaven-world; use to the utmost the talent that you have, and it shall bring you back large interest in the heaven-world. But if you bury it in a napkin and use it not, then the heaven-world will have little to give you, for you will not have made the conditions for happy and long life there.

And even if in this you cannot take the Theosophical standpoint, if it does not appeal to such knowledge as you have already attained and does not seem congruous with that which you know, then at least let the power, the creative power, of thought, remain with you as a thing for practice, and realise what it means. You have all heard of a fixed idea. Sometimes it makes a man a madman; sometimes it makes him a hero. The fixed idea of the madman is an idea that is false, that is not in accord with nature and the facts around him. The madman who had the fixed idea that he was made of glass, and so was afraid of any one knocking against him, was a madman because his fixed idea was false. But the fixed idea of some great patriot like Arnold von Winkelried, who, seeing

the serried ranks of the army against him, and seeing his own peasant-men falling back before the levelled spears of the well-trained Austrian array, the man who loved his country so passionately that he rushed on the spears, and gathered as many as he could reach in his outstretched arms and drew the points towards him into his bosom and fell dead, while through the gap that he had made his men broke in to victory—that fixed idea of love of country made him a hero, who cared not for life in comparison with the freedom of his land. There is the nature of the fixed idea; the truth of the idea is of supreme importance; but the fixed idea is that which demands your obedience, against all reasoning, against all argument, against everything that a friend can urge upon you, against everything that your own interests advise you to do—the fixed idea commands and you obey, no matter what may chance in this mortal world.

The fixed idea that is noble, that is true, the fixed idea which is on the line of evolution, and which embodies your highest hopes, your noblest thoughts, your intensest aspirations—that is what we call an Ideal.

No man should be without an Ideal, especially the younger among you who are still but boys and girls. Choose well your Ideal in the days of your youth, and your manhood and womanhood shall draw you nearer to its realisation. No man can live greatly, no man can live worthily, who has not an Ideal to which he

is aspiring, an Ideal dearer to him than anything which the world can give him, than anything that in any fashion he can gain. Have then your Ideal, and think of it every morning for a few moments, and it will gradually transform you into its own image; as in the glass you see your image reproduced, that Ideal in the mirror of your mind shall reproduce itself, and you shall become that which you look upon, that which you adore. Be not afraid to make it too beautiful or too lofty. Do not say that it is beyond your powers of attainment. The fact that you can think it is your guarantee for its accomplishment. For all that you can image, you are able ultimately to achieve; all that you hope for shall fall at last into your hands. Your life goes on for ever; there is no time-limit during which something must be accomplished in the everlasting reaches of time. You shall at last reach your Ideal, and shall embody it in your own life on earth.

Only do not drift; do not pass through life thoughtless, trivial, unworthy to be man or woman; do not let it be said of you in the higher worlds: this man, or this woman, "reached the form of humanity too soon". Make your Ideal; worship it; and worship it by life more than by word, worship it by thought, by aspiration, by deed. Then shall your life ever approach that which the Ideal contains of beauty, of power, of wisdom; and if here you have failed in the accomplishment, even when death strikes you, you will be nobler than you

would have been without it; and in the heaven-world your Ideal shall come forward to meet you, clad in all the splendour of immortal life, and it shall embrace you, it shall draw you into its own very being, and that which on earth you have hoped for, in heaven you shall realise, and come back again, after many days, as a helper of mankind on earth.

# The Spirit who is Man and the Spiritual Life

FRIENDS: On the three last Sundays in Madras I have been speaking on the body of man—the body with its mental matter, its emotional matter, and its physical matter. To-day I am going to ask you to come with me to a higher, to a purer region. I am going to ask you to mount or to dive—whichever expression you prefer—to those heights, those depths, of inner consciousness in which you will know yourself as divine, in which you will realise the greatness which hereafter you shall permanently achieve. I am going to ask you to come into those realms of consciousness that lift you above the troubles of the world, that enable you to remain peaceful amid turmoil, happy in the midst of apparent sorrow, serene when struggle and noise are around you, contented when the man of the world would see rather reason for discontent and anxiety. You remember how it

has been written of all true philosophy that its object is to put an end to pain. There is a region wherein pain has no existence, there is a realm whereinto sorrow may not penetrate. A man may live in the Spirit, may live in what we sometimes call the Higher Self, and living thus he knows the peace of eternity even although he still be living amid the phenomena of time. In order that he may so live he must rise above the troubles of the world, but he need not because of that leave the world in which his lot is cast; he need not seek the seclusion of the cave or of the jungle, he need not retire from the busy haunts of man; he may work in the market-place, he may plead in the law-courts, he may heal in the hospital, he may be busy in the shop of the merchant, or in the high place of the ruler. All that is necessary for peace, for spiritual life, is that—while he discharges every duty better than the man of the world discharges it, while he shrinks from no function laid upon him but discharges every function to the utmost of his ability, to the height of his power—living in the world he shall realise his divinity and work not for the passing spoils of earth but as an organ of divine activity.

Now what is Spirit? for without knowing what is the Spirit, or the Higher Self, we cannot realise what is meant by the spiritual life. The Spirit that is man is that divine fragment spoken of by Shrī Kṛshṇa as "a portion of myself, a living being". You may realise perhaps more readily what is meant by the

Spirit if you will use for a moment the familiar phrase of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭa* "the dweller in the body". We have studied the bodies; we are turning now to the study of the dweller in the body, the man, the real man, the God who is man embodied in the flesh. You may remember how it is written that "The wise grieve neither for the living nor for the dead"; and that the reason for that elevation above grief over life and death in the world, the reason for that indifference, is explained in words so exquisite, in words so perfect, that I venture to insert them even in the midst of my own poor language. You may remember how it is written of every human being:

"Nor at any time verily was I not, nor thou, nor these princes of men, nor verily shall we ever cease to be, hereafter."

"He is not born, nor doth he die; nor having been, ceaseth he any more to be; unborn, perpetual, eternal and ancient, he is not slain when the body is slaughtered."

"As a man, casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new."

And then the speaker breaks out into that triumphant apostrophe:

"Weapons cleave him not, nor fire burneth him, nor waters wet him, nor wind drieth him away."

"Uncleavable he, incombustible he, and indeed neither to be wetted nor dried away; perpetual,

all-pervasive, stable, immovable, ancient, unmanifest, unthinkable, immutable, he is called; therefore knowing him as such, thou shouldst not grieve."

So you have the whole in a nutshell. If you yourself are this dweller in the body, if you in the impermanent bodies know that neither birth nor death can touch you, if you know yourself to be eternal and ancient, what matter of grief, what matter of lamentation is there, seeing that you share the life of God and are eternal as He is eternal?

What then is the relation of the dweller in the body to the bodies that he wears? If there are any of you to whom the idea of this perpetual life may be to some extent unfamiliar, let me remind you of an analogy in Nature which will enable you to grasp exactly what is meant by the difference between the dweller in the body and the body itself; and remember how the great English scientist, Thomas Huxley, declared with regard to this reincarnating life: "There is very much in the analogy of Nature to support it, and there is nothing to negate it." Take then, for a moment, the symbol of some great forest tree, and watch the life of the tree as it grows and develops upon earth; you find it more strikingly in northern countries than in this southern land; you find it putting out once a year a crop of young green leaves; these leaves gather nourishment out of the air which, in the leaf, changes into the crude materials by which the tree shall live.

In the sap those crude materials are gathered when the leaf drops off, its work being over. The sap, filled with all the nourishment the leaves have gathered, passes down the trunk into the roots underground and there for a while it lies hidden from the eyes of men. But presently the spring-time comes, the winter is over, the time of the singing of birds is upon us, and Nature begins to burgeon out into renewed life; the sap rises through the trunk and reaches the branches; to every portion of the tree that life-giving sap goes forth. Buds begin to swell, new leaves appear, and once more the tree is clothed in the glory of the summer-time and again the leaves begin their work of nourishment, in order that the tree may live. So is human life. The Spirit of man is like the tree, a seed of divinity sown in the soil of human life. The leaves of the tree are like the lives of man, put out where all can see them, in order that they may gather nutriment and turn it into that whereby the Spirit shall unfold. They gather the nourishment, they hand it over to the life which is the sap. They fall off and perish, and the grave or the fire receives those withered leaves; but the life that is the sap has turned itself to the Spirit; it carries into the Spirit the nourishment that on earth it gathered in experience. In the Spirit this is transmuted into power; in the Spirit this is changed into faculty; and then when the time for rebirth comes the Spirit sends out a new life as the tree sends out its leaves. And again the

school of life is repeated, and again nourishment is brought by which the Spirit unfolds. Such is the relation between the Spirit and the bodies, such the difference between the lasting and the transient. And if you think of the life here as the leaves of the tree, yourself as the tree that dieth not but only puts out new leaves while you remain, then you have an admirable picture of the Higher Self, the Spirit finding by new bodies the nutriment he needs for his unfolding, while he himself remains unborn and undying, but ever bringing out of his infinite possibilities the actual powers that show the evolution of man.

That then is the way in which we see, glancing over it for the moment, the progress of this eternal life hidden from time to time in the veil of flesh. We have just said it is a portion of God. That great phrase I quoted, where Shrī Kṛshṇa speaks in the divine character, and declares the Spirit, the Jīvāṭmā, to be a portion of Himself—that tells us the attributes of the Spirit, and will enable us by a little thought to know when the spiritual life is unfolding within us, while we are submerged in the material life of the lower worlds. For we know that in Īshvara Himself we see three great attributes shine out; and if man be a portion of Him, those same attributes must shine out limited where in Him they are unlimited, unfolding where in Him they are perfect and complete. And as we know that one attribute of the Supreme is power, since He is the one

by whom the worlds are ruled, we readily see the reflection of that in the human Spirit as the will, the will that is power in man, however much for a time it be limited or undeveloped. And as we see in Īshvara that perfect self-consciousness that knows Himself completely and all that is within Himself—for there is none else, He is the One without a second—so also we see in man the marvellous aspect called wisdom, wisdom that is the knowledge of the One, the realisation of the divinity in man, the realisation of the Self in man, when a man is able to say, not by word but in reality: "I am That". That wisdom is the knowledge of the One, and you may remember how it is written that all outside that is ignorance. And then we see Īshvara's creative aspect reproduced in the intellect in man, the intellect that is man's creative faculty by which he can make all things new. And so, realising in man this triple Spirit, understanding that in him there is will, there is wisdom, there is creative intellect, we may ask how shall we know when these spiritual attributes begin to show themselves in the lower life, how shall we be able to recognise the inrush of the Spirit, to distinguish it from the many activities of the flesh? How shall we know what is spiritual from those many movements of desire which rule the mortal world? A man goes after pleasure, he goes after fame, he goes after social influence, he goes after political power; he is full of the wish to grasp the many objects of desire

with which the beautiful world around him is, in every direction, strewn. He moves after one or the other according as his desires draw him; if he wants pleasure he goes to the place where pleasure is to be found; if he wants fame, he studies early and late and makes efforts, and takes every opportunity to bring himself forward; he goes hither and thither, wherever he thinks something is to be found by which his object will be served; and whatever he desires to have he goes to the place where the object of desire is to be found. While the man is moved by desire, while he goes hither and thither, driven by every wind that rises in the world, that man is of the world and not of the Spirit; he has not yet become conscious of his real Self; but when, in the midst of surging desires, he is steady; when, in the midst of temptations, he stands firm; when money is within his reach but he will not soil his honour; when power is within his grasp but principle has to be sacrified to gain it; when pleasure lures him but wrong to another is implied in grasping the object of desire; when he draws himself in, when he says: "I will not sin, I will not dishonour myself, though desire allure and temptation draw," then, out of the innermost depth of the Spirit, the will of man has risen triumphant over desire, and the spiritual life has begun to rule him; for Will is of Spirit and not of flesh. And so again, when, in the midst of all whom he loves around him, he begins to realise the

oneness of life, to see all men as brothers to whom he is bound by ties of love; when the love that he feels for his own child is spread out to all poor children who are fatherless and lacking protection; when the love he feels for his venerated mother spreads out to every aged woman he comes in contact with, because to him all aged persons are mother and father as to him all youngers are children; when love changes into the recognition of unity, and flows out to all without distinction of colour, of race, of class or caste; then the Wisdom that knows the One is beginning to sway the man and the partial love, that is exquisite in its way, is being transmuted into the Divine Love that embraces all within its arms. And when, amid the busy activities of the lower mind, man becomes alert to the higher; when he listens to the voice of the higher intellect that begins to rule the mind and turn it to its own purposes, then the creative activity of the intellect has begun to assert itself over the busy activity of the mind engaged in the observation of phenomena; and there again the Spirit is made manifest and the life of the Spirit begins to show itself embodied in mind.

And that leads us at once to the question: What is the spiritual life? The spiritual life has nothing to do with those qualities belonging to the subtle bodies, which the Hindū calls Siddhis and the Westerner calls psychic powers. The spiritual life is not clairvoyance nor clairaudience, nor any exercise of the

bodies in the three phenomenal worlds. It does not mean the wider knowledge of the invisible worlds, crowded with phenomena as the physical world is. It is unrelated to the whole of that. It has not any connection with it. It is different in quality and in essence. Spirituality is knowledge of the One, and the living out of that knowledge of the One in the daily life of men.

Some of you may remember that Dr. Miller—you do well to honour him for he is a noble example of a Christian man—Dr. Miller, writing to his old students a few years ago spoke these remarkable words—and it is the first three I ask you to note. He said that Hinḍūism had brought two great gifts to the world: the doctrines of the Immanence of God and the Solidarity of man. It was the splendid testimony of a devoted believer in one religion to the value of a religion that was not his own, showing that breadth, that liberality of spirit, which should always distinguish those who call themselves by the name of the Christ. It is the first three words I want: the 'Immanence of God'. Now that sounds somewhat dry and somewhat cold, perhaps it is a rather unattractive word; may I translate it for you to show you what it really means? Obviously it means that God is everywhere and in everything; but that is not enough. It means that when you walk down to the beach and see rolling in those great billows of the Ocean, that as you see them and watch them thundering on the shore, you see in them the embodied

power of God, you see in them His might enshrined in the ocean waves. It means that if you go into some splendid forest, and feel the stillness and the quiet and the darkness of the forest at noon-time, Ah! then you feel that divine peace, you feel that stillness which is God; and in the whole of that you come into touch with Divinity, and through the forest trees you feel the presence of Divinity. It means that, when you go to the mountains, the far Himālayas, and look on their marvellous stability and their trackless reaches of spotless snow, in the mountains you see the strength and stability of God and in the snow His purity unspotted and untouchable. It means that, when you look up into the sky where the astronomer sees only many moving worlds, you see in the space God's stillness and in the moving worlds His Life. There is nothing in the Heavens above or in the depths below, which does not whisper to you of God present at its heart, so that looking at Nature, the garment of God, you see God within the garment as He alone exists. That is what is meant by the Immanence of God. Or come, if you will, a little closer. Many people condemn what is called Polytheism, but Polytheism, rightly understood, is only an attempt of limited men to express in countless images embodied Divinity, and to make real to his own heart that manifestation of God which the philosopher may dimly sense, but which the poor man can only realise as embodied in innumerable divinities. And so, if you

are wise and not foolish, you will not allow science, which observes only appearances, to ridicule you out of the deeper knowledge that tells you of the mysteries of the life of man and of God. Learn, if you will, what the West gives you of science, but teach the West what you know of the illimitable and ever-manifest life of God; if you will do that, then in truth your Polytheism will become a splendid thing. For when you look at the wife with her eyes of love bent upon you, you will see Lakṣhmī, the Light and the Goddess of the Home, beaming upon you through the eyes of the wife you love; and when she looks upon the husband, the supporter and guardian of the Home, she will see Viṣhṇu, the great Preserver and Maintainer of the Life of the Universe. When you look at the children playing on the floor, you will see the Child Kṛṣhṇa in His baby sports with the Gopīs. And when you see the mother bending over the babe, you will see Ḍurga, the universal Mother, who broods over the World, the Divine Mother Unchangeable. Polytheism, yes, it is the spiritualisation of the life of man; it is the refusal to be blinded by forms and the determination to see life within the forms. Life is one while the forms are many; life is one, while the labels are numerous. Is it not written: that he who worships any form, "he worships Me," even if not according to the ancient rule"? And so you begin to realise that spirituality means this recognition of God everywhere and in everything.

But now I want to bring it to the market place, to the office, to the street, to tell you, if I may, how every one of you may be a spiritual man, if only you will to be so. These countless activities of our earthly life, these many ways in which the world is supported and maintained: the work of commerce by which the nations are drawn together and the teeming multitudes of men, women and children are fed; the ships that travel the ocean, bringing the goods from one nation to another; the merchants and the traders who distribute all these things over the community, and so make available to each that which otherwise he might not have; again, the carrying on of the order of society, the work of those who prevent society from becoming a mere struggle of the strong against the weak; the whole of the great mechanism of human law—the judge on the bench, the lawyer in the court, the policeman in the street; those who make human society possible and guard the weak against the oppression of the strong; the life of the family on which the State is built, the protection of the father, the love of the mother, the joy of the child; the work of the doctor who goes fearlessly into places of danger, who tries to heal the sick and sometimes loses his own life in the trying; who trains his fingers to the utmost delicacy of skill so that in the moment of danger that skill may be brought to the helping and the healing of man; all those who teach, those who are training the future citizens of

their country to honourable manhood and noble womanhood; those who everywhere are carrying on the work by which the world is maintained; what are they but agents of the one divine Activity, the hands and feet and heart of God in every vocation of life? You remember the old story of the four castes and their origin; how the Brāhmaṇas came forth from the mouth of Brahmā, the Kṣhaṭriyas from His shoulders, the Vaishyas from His thighs, and the Shūḍras from His feet. You often laugh at it as a strange story, fit only to tell the children in the gloaming. And yet under the story there is a truth, not for the four castes of India only, but for the four great classes into which every nation is divided, whether you call them castes or not. For are not the teachers of the people, those who are educated, those who are imparting knowledge to others, the priests who guide their worship, the teachers who lead them along the ways of knowledge, are not they the voice of God speaking from His mouth through the lips of men, and are they not truly the caste of Brāhmaṇas, the learned and the teachers of the world? And when you come to the Kṣhaṭriyas, the King, the Parliament, the judges, the vakils, the policemen, from the highest to the lowest, from the Crown to the lowest constable, are they not the executive arms of the nation, do they not come in order to direct, to protect, to keep the people at peace, so that humble men may carry on their work unterrified, and the

King's peace, which is God's peace, may brood over the nation by their means? And when you come to the merchants and the great organisers of labour, those who gather together all the commodities that are wanted by the community, are they not like the thighs of the nation, whereon the nation rests securely and steadily, without whom it would be impossible for it to hold its own among the nations of the world? Then the Shūḍras; are they not the feet of the body politic without which it could not move or work at all? Those manual workers, those labourers, those who make the products of the country, and the servants who help you in your homes, are not they the active divine feet by which service is performed? That which is beyond all castes, the highest condition of the Sannyāsī, does that not repeat on a higher level the service of man, and as the Shūḍra gives service to the individual, does not the Sannyāsī serve humanity, the lowest of the classes thus representing the very highest of mankind? Oh, there is so much more in your splendid ancient religion than so many of you, educated out of it, have any idea of, so much more than you ever dream.

And now let me apply it. I will take first a profession of which, I am afraid, many evil things are very often said—the profession of the law. I was glad to see the other day that at a lecture the chairman made a defence of the lawyers who had been attacked, and declared that he thought that as a class

they were truthful—perhaps more so than many of their fellow-citizens who were not attacked along that particular line. If a lawyer be a spiritual man, and there is no reason why he should not be—I am speaking in the presence of very many lawyers—he will regard himself as the embodied divine justice in the world. He will never take a case where he knows that success to himself spells injustice to another; he will regard himself as a guardian of God's justice, and so will take scrupulous care that that justice shall be done. Do you ask me whether he should never defend a criminal? Yes, he should defend, for a criminal also has a right to justice, and his view must be brought forward as well as the view of the prosecutor; however vile may be the criminal, that which can be said for him ought to be said for him by one who is representing the divine justice that gives to every man according to his work; but he would see that nothing should be suppressed, that no false evidence should ever be put forward in the witness box; it would mean that there should be no aggravation of offence if aggravation be possible; it would mean that the whole story would be told as well as human skill and human sympathy could tell it; that the truth would not be concealed and the ermine of justice would not be stained by falsehood. If he feels the dignity of his great office, it would mean that in all he says his lips would be free from guile, as well as free from falsehood. It would mean that the court of justice

was an antechamber of the hall of justice on the other side of death, the defender of the helpless and the oppressed, the true putter-down of the unjust, strong one who injures his fellow-men. I ask you, if a lawyer did thus, would it not mean a great purification of the whole legal profession, so that it would become the shining symbol of the divine justice upon earth? And would not all good men be happier and all bad men more fearful, because they were going into the presence of justice and they knew that her scales would weigh evenly, moved by neither falsehood nor favour? And suppose you take the merchant's work. He is the divine hand, distributing over the world all that is wanted for the support and the feeding of man. How the shop would become purified and ennobled if he realised that! There would be no such thing as adulteration, no such thing as putting forward the pretences that cover a sham. There would be no shoddy in the cloth. There would be no sand in the sugar. There would be no sticks in the tea; there would be no adulteration in anything that was sold. There, as with the law, the spiritual life would make the difference between happiness and unhappiness.

And think of the home, if you will, in the same light—the husband and the wife. The husband who knows himself to be the divine husband—for did not Shrī Kṛshṇa take that name unto Himself; "I am the husband," He said—he would realise that the

wife did not exist only for his comfort and enjoyment, only that she might minister to his luxury, only that she should increase his happiness; he would feel to her as Viṣhṇu to His world, lover, protector, bearing the burden that her weaker shoulders may not be bowed beneath it, and bringing that protecting cherishing love that it is the privilege of the husband to bring to the wife. And the wife, remembering that she is Lakṣhmī to Viṣhṇu, she would also look to him as the one who guards and protects, and her love would flow out in unasked-for ministration, the more welcome because not demanded as a right, but gathered as the fair blossom of love which she is ever presenting to him as flowers to a Ḍeva she worships. The father who would live this spiritual ideal would embody the noblest title of God, the Father and Lover of men. Oh, what would you fathers be to your sons and your daughters if you realised yourselves as embodiments of the divine Fatherhood! Your sons would come to you in every trouble, run to you in every distress, instead of shrinking away from you as you know they too often do, because they fear more than they love; they would know that in the father they had the nearest friend, in the father the tenderest protector; there would be nothing that could not be confided to the father-heart, nothing that would not be forgiven in the son by the man thus trying to realise the Fatherhood of God. You know, all of you, that you have your faults. In all that you

do of wrong, in all that you show of weakness, if you look for mercy from God, show it to your growing boys and help them on sheir way; and then in your age they shall be to you as devotees to the Father above us; and you who have guarded and protected their youth shall find them as the pillars of your age. And now come to your daughters. If you are truly living the life of the divine Father, is there not much left undone that your daughters have the right to claim? Those little ones of seven, eight, nine years of age, whom you pledge in the bonds of an irrevocable marriage ere they know anything of that to which they are pledged, or of the early widowhood which may darken their lives, the shadow of a dead husband with whom they have never lived? Oh look on the virgin widows of India, and say if their fathers have remembered their divine duty to them! What true father has the right to send a child who should have a doll in her arms rather than a baby, to face the agony and the peril of motherhood while she is yet a child herself, needing to be protected and guarded? There is much for you who are spiritual men to do along these lines of change, in order that your sons and daughters may grow up what they ought to be, the citizens of a country worthy to be self-governing and free; for the child-husband and the child-wife are no fitting citizens for a country where liberty reigns; they are children forced into

precocious maturity, and weakened by the forcing, so that they never recover from the strain.

Realise what the spiritual life means; it means duty, it means love; it means the carrying out of every function of family and civic life as though you realised yourselves as embodied Gods, doing the work that God carries on in His world. And there is one other point that I ought to put to you. We are always trying more or less to aspire to the spiritual life. We talk about union with God; we talk about our desire to rise higher and higher into greatness and purity and knowledge and love; and we do well. But there is one thing that you must not forget, which is necessary for the spiritual life. Life is one; and whether the life be in the sinner or the saint, in the outcast or the highest, that life is divine, for there is only God. You are willing to be one with God; you are willing to be one with the Ṛṣhis; you are willing to be one with the Masters or the Saints. Are you willing to be one with the profligate, with the harlot, and the thief? In them the divine life is also present. What is the test of spirituality? You are pure; for what does your purity exist? That you may set yourself apart from others and live in the enjoyment of your own satisfaction because you are better than they? Oh no! your purity is won in order that you may go among the foulest, and by your purity purify them, and bring them nearer to the realisation of the divine life. You are wise; you do not like

the ignorant; you shrink from the uncultivated, from the rough and the coarse; but if you are educated, it is in order that you may carry that education among the ignorant and the degraded, so that they may become more learned by your wisdom, and share with you in the knowledge of that one life which is in you and them alike. Ah! there is the hard lesson! We always want the higher to step down to us and lift us; are we willing to step down to those below us, and to lift them to our level? If not, there is no spirituality, there is no real religion; it is selfishness masquerading as piety, and the desire for the lower pretending to be the higher. So I would ask you, in thinking of the spiritual life, to remember that it is all-inclusive, not exclusive. It embraces all things; it knows no outcast; it is willing to share with all; and it only values its own larger life because it can pour that larger life into the narrow channels of a brother, and so make those channels larger for the life than they were before the new flood was in-poured.

And I will leave you, friends, with one thought which perhaps, because it is a picture, may live in your memories more than the words that are breath and rapidly pass from the mind. Sometimes, perchance, you may have stood beside some artist who is working at marble, as still some great artists themselves work. He is hewing out a statue, and works at the marble in order that his idea may be made

manifest and live in the minds of men. Now if you question that artist, he will tell you that to him it is not a block of marble to be hewn into a statue that is before him; it is a statue hidden within a block of marble, that he is beginning to set free with every stroke of the chisel that cuts off a shaving of the marble, and brings him nearer to the statue that is lying buried within the block. And so he works on and on, seeing with the eyes of genius the form that you and I cannot see; and as he hews away with chisel and mallet he is always cutting away the superincumbent marble; he is not carving the exquisite limbs of the body, for the statue is already lying within it. And so with you. Within you lies embedded in the marble of your human life the Spirit that is God, hidden beneath the flesh, hidden beneath the bodies, the emotions and the mind, so that it is not visible to the outer eyes. You have not to create that image. It is there. You have not to manufacture it; you have only to set it free. God is within you, waiting for manifestation, and yours the glory of hewing away all that hides that manifestation from the eager eyes of men. Your chisel is your thought: your mallet is the power of your will. Take the mallet of will; take the chisel of thought; strike away the emotions of the body and the mind, until all has gone that is not He. Then out of the stone of your human life the divine statue shall arise in its perfect beauty; the splendour of the

God shall shine out, so that all men shall be lighted and warmed by its splendour. God in man shall walk the earth, and you shall have had the glory of setting the God within free to work for humanity. Be then artists in life; be sculptors labouring in the workshop of the world; and so when you come to pass away, you will know yourself as the Spirit eternal and not as the bodies that you leave behind; and you will pass into a wider life, a more splendid destiny, a grander future; for you will be free, the liberated Spirit, God made manifest, the end and goal of man.

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